

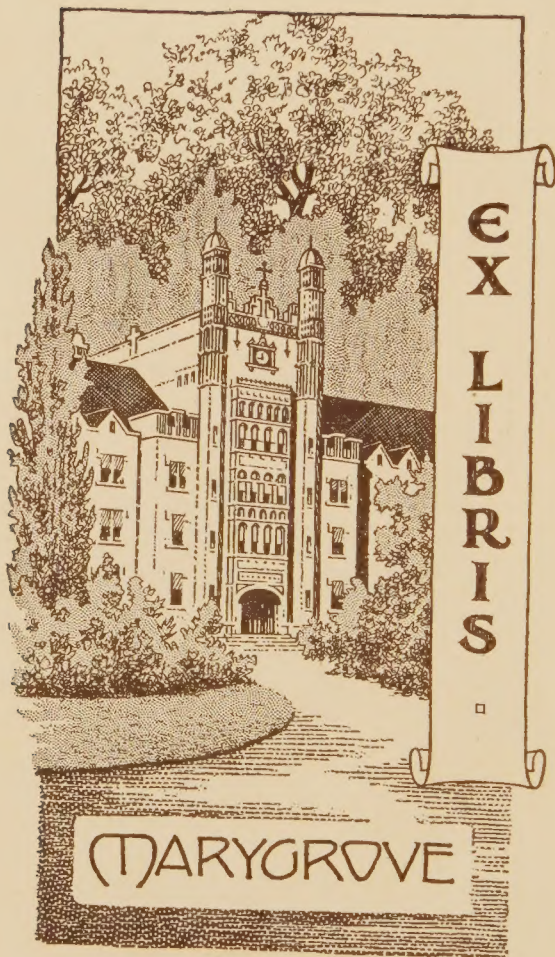
**SOUVENIR**

**Episcopal**

**Silver**

**Jubilee**


**BISHOP SPALDING**



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RT. REV. JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.  
*Bishop of Peoria*

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SOUVENIR

*of the*

# Episcopal Silver Jubilee

*of the*

Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.

BISHOP *of* PEORIA

*O'Reilly, P. J.*



1903

PRESS OF HOLLISTER BROTHERS  
CHICAGO



## Introductory

In response to the unanimous desire of the priests of the diocese, a meeting of the Diocesan Deans was held early in February at St. Patrick's rectory, Peoria, to consider the manner of celebrating fittingly the Episcopal Jubilee of the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding on May 1, 1902. Auxiliary Bishop O'Reilly was voted into the chair, Dean Keating of Ottawa elected secretary and Vicar General Weldon of Bloomington made treasurer. Committees on various arrangements were appointed and ordered to report to the general meeting to be called by the chairman. Within a few days the following letter was sent to the priests of the diocese:

SILVER JUBILEE YEAR—DIOCESE OF PEORIA.

*Rev. and Dear Father:*

On May the first, of this year, Bishop Spalding will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the Episcopate. By a rare and happy coincidence, the occasion will also commemorate the "Silver Jubilee" of the diocese, and witness the consecration of the Cathedral. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and many other eminent prelates and ecclesiastics will take part in the celebration. At a meeting of the deans of the diocese held recently in Peoria, a resolution to present to Bishop Spalding a substantial testimonial on his "Jubilee Day" was unanimously adopted. It was also moved and carried that Very Rev. M. Weldon, V. G., be made treasurer, and that the Auxiliary Bishop be requested to send a circular to the priests of the diocese, asking for contributions to the fund. In accepting this trust, I would suggest that all subscriptions towards the proposed testimonial be sent to the treasurer at least one week before Jubilee Day, May the first, nineteen hundred and two. Yours very truly,

P. J. O'REILLY, Auxiliary Bishop.

Peoria, February 28, 1902.

At a subsequent and final meeting of the deans all committees reported and the details of the celebration were agreed upon. Following the first Solemn Pontifical Mass at the newly consecrated Cathedral it was decided that a noonday banquet should be given in the recital hall of Spalding Institute, at which felicitations were to be offered the Rt. Rev. Jubilarian by the distinguished guests and by representatives of the diocese. Bishop O'Reilly was appointed to act as toastmaster and the assignment of toasts and speakers made. Before adjournment a committee was empowered to decide all questions of detail that should not have been anticipated and settled in the full meeting.

Meanwhile Rev. Francis J. O'Reilly, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, acting under direction of Bishop Spalding, was making preparation for the consecration of the cathedral and for the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of St. Mary's Parish. On account of the time required it was thought best to have the solemn ceremony of consecration performed a day before the other functions of the jubilee. So thoroughly was the work of preparation accomplished that nothing was left undone to make the triple celebration memorable.

## John Lancaster Spalding

When on May 1, 1877, John Lancaster Spalding, priest assistant in St. Michael's Parish, New York city, was consecrated First Bishop of the Diocese of Peoria, this city was made the abiding place of a vital force in American life. The inheritance of talent and piety come to him from a sound-hearted, wholesome race, had been so largely increased by his personal worth that he at once took high rank in a distinguished hierarchy.

The Spaldings are an old English Catholic family from Lancashire, where Spalding Abbey, founded in the middle ages, still stands as a monument to their early devotedness to the church. The American Spaldings date their origin in the early days of Lord Baltimore. For two hundred and fifty years the numerous branches of the family have been conspicuously active in the development of Maryland and Kentucky. No name shines brighter in the annals of the Catholic Church in America than that of Martin John Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore.

John Lancaster Spalding was born in Lebanon, Kentucky, June 2, 1840. Early in the days of his boyhood he began to show signs of the priestly vocation and set about fitting himself for that holy calling. His preparatory studies finished at St. Mary's, Kentucky, he went to Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, and to Mount St. Mary's, Cincinnati, thence to the American College, Louvain, Belgium, where he was ordained priest in 1863. Among his classmates at this institution, which had been founded a short time before by his uncle, Archbishop Spalding, was Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco. A year then spent in special studies in Rome left him thoroughly equipped to begin his life work. In 1865 he entered upon his priestly career at the Cathedral of Louisville. Even at this time he was a scholar of such marked attainments that he was chosen theologian to Archbishop Blanchet of Oregon at the second Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1866. With Father Hecker, the Paulist, and Father Ryan, now Archbishop of

Philadelphia, he was selected though but twenty-six years of age for the rare honor of preaching at the Council.

His labors, on his return to Louisville, included the founding of a parish for negroes, which, in spite of many difficulties, he completed and left in a flourishing condition after three years of zealous and persistent effort. In 1872 death ended the strenuous career of his illustrious uncle. Father Hecker, to whose keeping the archbishop's papers had been entrusted, persuaded that the records of a life so worthy should be cast in permanent form, set about finding some one equal to the task. His choice fell upon Father Spalding, who left his parish in Louisville and took residence in the House of the Paulist Fathers in New York in order to devote his uninterrupted thought to this labor of love.

When the life of Archbishop Spalding was published it was accepted as the best biography in American Catholic literature. One distinguished critic, Brownson, says: "It proves the author an accomplished literary man, a deep, earnest thinker, a learned and enlightened theologian, and a devoted priest. . . . The author shows a breadth of view, a depth of reflection, a knowledge of the moral and spiritual wants of modern society, of the dangers of the country and the real issue of the hour, that promise the country an author of the first order, and to the church a distinguished servant."

Father Spalding did not return to Kentucky, but resumed work as assistant to Father Donnelly at St. Michael's Church, New York. A preacher of rare excellence, he soon impressed himself on the thought of the city; priests and people flocked to hear the orator who could make men think.

From this field of promise, while still an assistant priest, he was called to another sphere of activity in the newly erected Diocese of Peoria. He accepted the responsibility and was consecrated Bishop of Peoria in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, May 1, 1877. Here his work has been writ large; he that runs may read. Churches, schools and charitable institutions have sprung up everywhere; waning parishes having waxed strong again; scattered communities have been united into parishes; a strong, purposeful priesthood has been

formed, and all in a spirit of such kindly and masterful leadership that not once in twenty-five years has an appeal been made against his judgment.

But a diocese afforded too narrow a scope for action. He had a message for mankind. Keen observation and study had convinced him that Catholics were slow to understand that America meant opportunity for the church. Most of them were gathered in a few cities. The vast numbers of immigrants who came from many countries of Europe, especially from Ireland, were swallowed up in the large centers of population. For generations they had tilled the land at home and could not suddenly enter another kind of life without danger to themselves and, perhaps, ultimate deterioration for their children. With wise prevision of these lamentable consequences Bishop Spalding, in association with Archbishop Ireland, established the Catholic Colonization Society for the purpose of placing the immigrant farmers on the fertile prairies of the West. It was a magnificent conception. In time prosperous parishes, flourishing dioceses would spring up; the church, unhampered, would grow into vigorous life, and in free America the dream of centuries would come true.

Notwithstanding the immense labor and energy of its two great promoters, the plan did not wholly succeed. The immigrants are still in the cities; the land is held by a thriftier race; the opportunity is gone forever, while the prosperity of the colonies that were established proves the wisdom of their founders.

Through a lecture on "The Higher Education of the Priesthood," delivered at the Silver Jubilee of the Salesianum of Milwaukee, the Catholic world was made aware of another grand conception that had for some time been taking form in the mind of Bishop Spalding. In due season it was given expression in the Catholic University of America at Washington. During the years of its existence it has developed more and more into the ideal seat of universal knowledge that is to be the intellectual center of American Catholicity. In many other ways has he shown deep interest in things educational. The comprehensive Catholic educational exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, was due to his breadth of

view in the office of President of the Board. Spalding Institute, a boy's high school established in Peoria, will be a fitting memorial to his munificent faith in education. Bishop Spalding is by nature a teacher. The deepest purpose of his life and writings is to lead men to higher life, to give emphasis to the divine in man. He is the embodiment of his own ideas. America has no finer type of the cultured Christian gentleman; an uncynical sage, a thinker unafraid, a churchman without cant, an unselfish patriot, a large-minded, genuine, reverent man.

His writings have the ring of kindly sincerity; he writes himself into books. In the life of Archbishop Spalding one can feel the throbbing of a great heart.

"Essays and Reviews," a reprint of articles that appeared in the *Catholic World*, is a volume of rugged discussion of church questions, supplemented by a charming "Essay on Religion and Art." "The Religious Mission of the Irish People" was written to further the cause of the Catholic Colonization Society, but will long outlive the occasion that inspired it. Two books of virile verse, "America and Other Poems," and "The Poet's Praise" gave assurance that the versatile Bishop of Peoria was a poet. The assurance has been made doubly sure by the translation, "Songs, Chiefly From the German," which has the rare merit of recreating both the body and the soul of the originals, and by the illuminating and inspiring "God and the Soul" that no thoughtful man would willingly let die.

But thus far his literary fame will rest on his series of essays on education. In these four volumes, "Education and the Higher Life," "Things of the Mind," "Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education" and "Opportunity and Other Essays," there is the crystallizing in brilliant expression of his profoundest thought. No more stirring appeals to higher manhood have been uttered in these latter days.

His latest writings, "Religion, Agnosticism and Education" and "Socialism and Labor and Other Arguments" show that the sympathy of a man may be united to the genius of a thinker. At the beginning of this new century Bishop Spalding stands prophet-like apart to remind men of the nobler purposes of living.





ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL

## **The Consecration of St. Mary's Cathedral**

*[From the New World.]*

St. Mary's Cathedral was consecrated Tuesday morning according to the elaborate and impressive form prescribed by the Church. The service began at 6 o'clock and was concluded at 11 o'clock. The public was excluded until the ceremony was nearly completed, Rt. Rev. P. J. O'Reilly, auxiliary bishop of the Diocese of Peoria, was the consecrator, and was assisted by Father Edmund, deacon; Father Cornelius, subdeacon; Father Greve, archpriest; Fathers Durkin and O'Neill, assisting priests, Fathers Sammon, Cummings, Fennan, Walters, Otto, Sullivan and Mainville.

Promptly at 6 o'clock Bishop O'Reilly presented himself at the chapel of the cathedral which contained the relics, before which candles had been burning all night, and upon entering directed the candles, twelve in number, and in scones against the walls of the cathedral, to be lighted.

Going to the entrance of the church the Bishop knelt at the door reciting, with the clergy, the antiphon and the litanies of the saints. After having laid aside the crozier and doffing his mitre he prayed aloud, and the prayer being finished, began the exorcism of the water.

Having repeated the formula prescribed by the Church, the Bishop cast the salt into the water and traced the form of the cross above the vessel, repeating: "Be this salt and water mingled together. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," making the sign of the cross at each name. Then with an appropriate prayer the water was blessed and the Bishop sprinkled it upon the surrounding clergy and a group of the parishioners who had gathered, as well as upon himself, intoning meantime the Antiphon.

While the choir continued to chant, the Bishop resumed his mitre and preceded by two acolytes bearing lighted tapers he turned to the right, and accompanied by the assisting clergy and parishioners, made a complete circuit of the church,

sprinkling the upper part of the walls and the ground below with the water.

When the circuit was complete the Bishop stopped in front of the church doors again and laid aside the mitre and sprinkler, while the sacred ministers joined him in responsive prayer. Resuming the mitre and crozier, with the end of the latter he knocked at the church door, repeating the closing stanzas of the Sixty-fourth Psalm, the deacon inside chanting the responses. For the third time the round of the church was made, the Bishop sprinkling the walls, while the choir chanted *Benedic Domine domum istam*.

Upon returning, the mitre and sprinkler were put away, and taking up the crozier the Bishop knocked at the door for the third time, again chanting the Sixty-fourth Psalm, while the deacon responded. At the close Bishop O'Reilly, in a loud tone, said, "Lift up your gates, O Princes," and with the crozier knocked on the door. The deacon from within asking, "Who is this King of Glory?" The Bishop and the clergy respond, "The Lord of Hosts; He is the King of Glory," adding, "Open, open, open."

Accompanied by the assisting clergy the Bishop then entered the church, followed by the workmen who were to close the sepulchre of relics, and said: "Peace be to this house." The responses were followed by the singing of the *Pax Aeterna* by the choir. Having laid aside the mitre and crozier, kneeling before the faldstool the Bishop intoned the *Veni Creator*. To the concourse of people who had gathered on the outside as the door closed the moment was full of impressiveness. The soft, bright sunshine shedding its peaceful light over the massive gray walls seemed to carry forward the benediction in progress inside, and the chanting of the priests, now and again drowned in the bursts of glorious music from the organ and the choir, lifted the imagination above even the glories of sun and beauties of the bursting buds and springing grass.

In imagination one could see the devout acolyte as he traced the form of the cross in ashes upon the church and the Bishop in the center while the choir chanted the litanies of the saints. Then came the wonderful canticle of Zacharias, and

the mind's eye saw the Bishop trace the letters of the Greek and Latin alphabets in the ashes of the cross.

Following the elaborate sanctification of the altar, the Bishop traced the sign of the cross in the center and in each of the corners, making a circuit of the altar seven times, sprinkling it with the water and using hyssop, while the *Miserere* was being chanted by the choir. Then making the circuit of the interior of the Cathedral he thrice blessed the walls and floor. The cement to be used in closing the sepulchre of relics having been blessed the Bishop and the clergy proceeded to the chapel where the relics are in keeping in the sacred casket.

The return of the procession with the relics is headed by two acolytes bearing lighted tapers. After them comes the cross bearer and then follow the priests bearing the bier upon which rests the casket, while the thurifers constantly sway the incense over and around it and the Bishop, fully vested, intones the Antiphon.

At this point Bishop O'Reilly returned to the door of the church, and, seated upon the faldstool, there repeated the consecration address, after which Archpriest Greve read two of the decrees of the Council of Trent concerning any attempt to subvert the use of the property, and at the conclusion the choir chanted the *Erit mihi Dominus* while the Bishop remained seated.

The chant being concluded the clergy returned to the church, where again the imagination must picture the placing of the relic bier within the altar and the sealing of the stone with the consecrated cement, the Bishop placing the first trowelful in place when the closing stone has been set by the assisting clergy. Again the Antiphon is chanted, while the assisting priests clear away the last vestige of mortar, and then the Bishop blesses the altar once more.

It was now about 10:45, and a considerable number of the parishioners had gathered at the church. These were now admitted, while the Eighty-sixth Psalm was chanted. The Bishop formed five crosses of incense in each corner and in the center of the altar, and having placed wax tapers upon them, lighted the latter. While they were being consumed he laid

aside his mitre and intoned an alleluia. When the ashes had been removed by the assistant priest, the Mass for the dedication of a church was celebrated, and the Bishop gave the solemn blessing to the congregation.

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### THE SOLEMN PONTIFICAL MASS.

*[From the Peoria Journal.]*

Right Reverend John Lancaster Spalding's Silver Jubilee as Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Peoria is being celebrated today, this being the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration. The exercises began with a grand procession of the local and visiting clergy from Spalding Institute to St. Mary's Cathedral at 9:45 this morning, followed by the celebration of Solemn Pontifical High Mass by Bishop Spalding at the cathedral, and the jubilee sermon, preached by Cardinal Gibbons.

No more ideal day for the celebration could have been wished, and long before the hour set for the procession to move from Spalding Institute, Madison avenue was thronged with sightseers from Fayette to Green streets. Promptly at 9:45 the great entrance door of the institute swung back and the crossbearer and the acolytes stepped forth into the light, the sun glancing from the golden crucifix and reflected by the lamps of the acolytes. Behind them came the priests—two hundred and fifty in number—in cassock and surplice, walking two by two. Then followed the members of the hierarchy, each attended by a chaplain, and finally Cardinal Gibbons with train bearers. The rich robes of the Archbishops and Bishops, in purple and white and gold, were set off by the somber and severe dress of a company of monks, who walked two by two, their heads reverently bowed. The hum of voices, and the gay laughter which had echoed up and down the street died away with the appearance of the head of the procession, and during the march to the cathedral no sound was heard save the steady tramp of reverend feet.

## PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS.

Crowds assembled at the cathedral doors long before the services began. Pewholders and those having tickets entitling them to seats in pews were the first admitted, and the large force of ushers had all they could do to take care of the immense throng who had admission tickets only. These were obliged to stand till after the entrance of the procession.

The splendid blending of color in the banners of richest yellow, significant of the papal power, and the long draperies of bishop's purple, the red, white and blue of the flag, the yards upon yards of festooned smilax and the flower bedecked altars formed a fitting setting for the most gorgeous ceremony ever witnessed in Peoria. A beautiful picture was the chancel, the high altar ablaze with light, backed by masses of lilies and delicate traceries of smilax. To the left the altar of the Blessed Virgin was covered with roses and carnations, all in pink, and at the right the deep crimson of roses was artistically mingled with the white of the lilies on the altar of St. Joseph.

It was after ten when the acolytes leading the long procession of priests entered the great doors to the inspiring strains of the organ and orchestra. After the long line of the young attendants in their cassocks of purple and collars of white came the priests of the diocese, more than one hundred of them. Following them entered the Franciscan Fathers, their plain habits being the one dark spot in the procession, the purple of the robes of the Bishops and Archbishops, whom they immediately preceded, looking all the richer by contrast.

Bishop Spalding entered the cathedral, whose splendid proportions are an eloquent tribute to some of the work the Bishop has accomplished in his twenty-five years here, attended by three priests of the diocese. These three attendants wore chasubles of cloth of gold and were striking figures in the long line. At the last came Cardinal Gibbons robed in the brilliant scarlet of his office, his refined and intellectual face a benediction in itself. It took some minutes for the reverend fathers to reach their places in the chancel, and during the interval between their being seated and the beginning of the mass, Bishop Spalding was robed for the celebration of the

mass. As he approached the altar the choir began the Kyrie Eleison. After the singing of the gospel Cardinal Gibbons was escorted to the pulpit by two of the priests, where he read the gospel for the day, before beginning his eloquent address. The Cardinal's voice is not a strong one, but the beauty and clearness of his tone made every word distinct to the very limits of the walls.

## THE SERMON

Isaias lx. 1-5. "Arise, be enlightened, O, Jerusalem, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and a mist the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thy eyes round about, and see: all these are gathered together, they are come to thee; thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see, and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged, when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee."

In these words the great Prophet Isaiah foreshadows the future expansion and glory of the Christian church. Let us briefly sketch the history of this marvelous development.

Let us transport ourselves in spirit to the dawn of the Christian era, and let us stand in imagination on one of Pagan Rome's seven hills. We see at our feet the immense city teeming with a population of about three millions of inhabitants, according to the estimate of Gibbons. We observe that metropolis dotted here and there with idolatrous temples, and niches of false gods erected in the corners of the streets. Those people are given up to every species of idolatry. They worship the sun and moon and stars of heaven. The seas and rivers, the mountains and groves have their tutelary divinities. They worship every striking object in nature. They worship every being except God alone, to whom alone divine homage is due. In the words of the Apostle of the Gentiles, "they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the image and





HIS EMINENCE JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS  
*Archbishop of Baltimore*

likeness of corruptible men, and of birds and beasts and creeping things, and they worshipped the creature instead of the Creator who is blessed for evermore."

Rome was the focus of idolatry of the empire. Every divinity that was adored throughout the vast dominions of Rome had his temple or his shrine in the imperial city.

What I say of Rome, I might affirm of the Roman Empire, and what I affirm of the Roman Empire, I could assert of the civilized world, for Rome was mistress of the world. Her empire extended into Europe, as far as the river Danube; it extended into Asia as far as the Tigris and Euphrates, and into Africa as far as Mauritania. The whole world, with the exception of Palestine, was buried in the darkness of idolatry.

Such was the condition of society when our Lord appeared on the theatre of public life. He calls around Him twelve insignificant men—men without wealth, destitute of human learning, men without the prestige of fame, men without political, or social, or family influence, men without any of the elements which are considered at all times essential for the success of any great enterprise. He commands them to effect the most mighty moral revolution that has ever occurred in the history of the world. He commands them to uproot idolatry from the face of the earth, and to substitute in its stead the worship of the one, true, living God. He commands them to eradicate the most darling and inveterate passions from the hearts of men, and to plant in their stead the peaceful reign of Jesus Christ.

Well might the gospel which these men went forth to plant, be compared to the little grain of mustard seed, small and imperceptible in the beginning, but expanding into a luxuriant tree, spreading its branches far and wide, so that the nations of the earth might be sheltered beneath its ample foliage, and be nourished by its perennial fruit. And well might these Apostles be compared to twelve little streams, deepening and broadening as they advanced, and not inundating the earth as of old, with the waters of destruction, but refreshing it with the rivers of eternal life.

The Apostles had implicit faith in their Divine Master when He commanded them to preach the gospel to all nations.

They knew He was God. They knew that His word was truth, that His word was power and omnipotence. They had been witnesses of His miracles. They knew that He who said in the beginning: "Let there be light, and there was light"—let the earth bring forth fruit, and it came forth—they knew that He would now, through their instrumentality, cause the light of faith to shine on the darkened intellects of men, and the fruit of sanctification to grow abundantly in their hearts. And therefore they go forth, nothing hesitating, and resolved to communicate the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ to every portion of the Roman dominions.

They parcel out the Roman Empire among themselves. Their only weapon is the cross; their only credentials, the gospel of Christ. St. Peter commences his apostolic ministry in Jerusalem, where his first sermon is followed by the conversion of three thousand souls, some of whom had, no doubt, witnessed the crucifixion of our Savior, and perhaps even had a hand in His death. He afterwards established his see in Antioch, and finally suffers martyrdom in Rome.

St. Paul, the indefatigable teacher of the Gentiles, traverses through various parts of Europe and Asia, everywhere bearing the torch of faith. St. Andrew preaches in Syria and Greece. St. John evangelizes Ephesus and Asia Minor. St. James announces the glad tidings in Judea and Galilee. St. Thomas carries the light of the gospel to the remote Indies, and traces of the Christianity that he there established, were discovered by St. Francis Xavier when he visited that country in the sixteenth century. And so on of the other Apostles. In the words of St. Paul, "their sound hath gone forth to all the earth, and their words to the ends of the whole world."

But if we are amazed at what I might call the pious audacity of the Apostles and their immediate successors in undertaking the herculean task of converting the nations, we are still more astonished when we contemplate the result of their labors. St. Paul, about thirty years after our Lord's crucifixion, writes these words to the Romans: "I give thanks to God through Jesus Christ, that your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world," and, of course, spoken of by men who were in sympathy and communion with the faith of Rome.

St. Justin, whose death occurred sixty-six years after the death of St. John the Evangelist, says: "There is no race of people, whether Greeks or barbarians, among whom prayers and the Eucharist are not offered to God the Father and Maker of all things, in the name of Jesus Christ crucified."

Tertullian, who was born about the year 160 of the Christian era, does not hesitate to address these words to the Roman Emperor: "We are but of yesterday, and we have filled your empire. Your cities, your towns, your islands, your forests, your army, your senate, your palace and forum swarm with Christians. We have left nothing to you except your empty temples."

St. Irenaeus, who lived in the same century, bears witness also of the marvelous growth of the Gospel in his day, and he is careful to tell us that the faith of these times was everywhere identical. "As the light," he says, "which illumines this world is everywhere the same because it proceeds from the same great luminary of day, so is the light of faith that shines on the intellects of men everywhere identical, because it proceeds from Jesus Christ, the eternal Sun of Justice."

What a contrast presents itself to our minds between the peaceful conquests of the Apostles and their successors, on the one hand, and the bloody victories achieved by the great generals of antiquity on the other, whether we consider the weapons with which they fought, or the battles which they won, or the duration of their victories. Alexander the Great, who may be considered one of the greatest generals of ancient times, subdued nations by wading through the blood of his fellow-beings. By the sword he conquered, and by the sword he kept his subjects in bondage. But scarcely was he consigned to the grave, when his empire was dismembered, and his subjects shook off the yoke which had been imposed upon them.

The Apostles conquered kingdoms for their Divine Master, not by force, but by persuasion; not by the material sword, but "by the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God;" not by shedding the blood of others, but by the voluntary shedding of their own blood; not by enslaving the bodies of men, but by rescuing their souls from the bondage of sin. And

the spiritual republic which they founded exists unto this day, is constantly extending its lines, and is kept together, not by frowning fortifications and standing armies, but by the divine influence of religious and moral sanctions.

What does this prove? It proves that the pen and the voice are mightier than the sword. It proves that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," aye, victories more substantial and more enduring. It proves that all schemes conceived in passion and fomented by lawless ambition are doomed, like the mountain torrent, to carry terror before them, and to leave ruin and desolation after them; while the actions of men laboring in the name and under the inspiration of God, are destined, like the gentle dew of heaven, to shed silent blessings around them, and to bring forth abundant fruit in due season.

No rational and dispassionate mind can review the history of the infant Church without discerning the stamp of divinity impressed upon her brow. When we consider the rapid growth of the Christian religion, and the feeble instruments that were employed to produce such results; when we consider the hostility which the Apostles encountered in the whole course of their ministry; when we consider the opposition they met with from the learned and from the populace, from the priests of the pagan superstition and from the established government itself; above all, when we reflect on the sublime and austere moral code which they proclaimed to a people whose religion tolerated and even sanctioned the most dissolute morals, we are forced to admit that Christianity was divine and miraculous in its origin.

Well did St. Paul sound this keynote when he exclaimed: "The foolish things of the world hath God chosen that He might confound the wise, and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He might confound the strong, and the things that are contemptible, and the things that are not, that He might bring to naught the things that are, that no flesh should glory in His sight."

And, indeed, the wisdom of God is specially manifested in the adoption of means utterly disproportioned to the end to be attained, so that the world might be convinced that Christian-

ity was the work of God and not of man, and that all the glory should redound to God.

For, if Christ had appeared in all the pomp and splendor of a temporal sovereign, if He had associated with Him the power of Caesar, if He had impressed into His service the armies of imperial Rome, the world would justly exclaim: There is no miracle here, for Christianity was propagated, not by the finger of God, but by the arms of the flesh. Or, if our Lord had employed in the service of His religion the poets and orators, the historians and other literary men of his age; if he had inspired a Virgil and an Ovid, a Cicero and a Tacitus to wield their pen and raise their voices in attestation of the new religion, then the world would cry out: There is no miracle here, for the Christian religion was propagated not by the folly of the cross, but by "the persuasive work of human wisdom." Or, if our Savior had appeared as the possessor and distributor of immense wealth, if He had lavished bribes and bounties to induce men to embrace His religion, then the world would say, there is no miracle here, for men were drawn to the Christian religion, not by "the pearl of great price," but by the gold which glitters. But when we behold Christianity established by the weapons of weakness, humility and poverty, we are forced to exclaim: "The finger of God is here."

The historian Gibbon, the author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," was obliged to admit the wonderful growth of the Christian religion in the first three centuries. But he endeavored to divest this achievement of its miraculous character, and to explain the phenomenon on purely rational grounds. He ascribes the spread of Christianity to these five great causes: 1st. The indomitable zeal of the primitive Christians; 2d. Their pure and blameless lives; 3d. Their unshaken belief in the immortality of the soul; 4th. Their alleged power of working miracles; 5th. Their admirable organization.

There is no doubt indeed that these causes exerted a powerful influence in the propagation of Christianity. But I maintain that these causes were totally inadequate to accomplish the results which followed; they were secondary, not primary

causes. They were the effects of a great first cause. If, in your travels through Switzerland or the Adirondack mountains, you behold a beautiful placid lake, your curiosity may lead you to discover the streams that feed it. Your investigation is rewarded by finding five rivulets flowing into it. In pursuing your investigation still farther, you find that these streams have their source in the snow-capped mountain in the distance. Let us apply this illustration to the present subject.

Who inspired the primitive Christians with their unquenchable zeal and enthusiasm?—an enthusiasm enduring for centuries and extending over the known world—an enthusiasm in an unpopular and hated cause. Who raised them to that high plane of moral rectitude? Who impressed them with that undaunted faith in the immortality of the soul and in a future destiny? Who imparted to them the power of working miracles? Who gave them that indissoluble organization cemented, not by force, but formed by the golden bonds of love?

Who was it but the Lord of hosts? It was He who said: "Go teach all nations, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." It was He who said: "Fear not, I have conquered the world." It was He who said: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." It was He who said: "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain."

My Brethren, imitate your forefathers in the faith, by your undaunted belief in an immortal destiny. Imitate them by the rectitude of your lives. Imitate them by your zeal for the honor of God and of His church. Imitate them, above all, by working miracles of grace and mercy, by your charity and compassion for the sufferings of your fellow-beings. "Religion," says the Apostle, "pure and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the orphans and widows in their tribulations, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world."

I beg to congratulate you, Right Reverend Bishop, on the double festivity we are celebrating to-day—the Consecration of this Cathedral Church, and the Silver Jubilee of your own Consecration as first Bishop of the See of Peoria. It was





ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART

my good fortune to be present at your Episcopal Consecration five and twenty years ago, to this very day, and it was my privilege to be one of the assistant consecrators on that occasion.

I have watched your career as Chief Pastor of this diocese with profound interest and gratification, not only on account of my personal friendship for yourself, but also because of my filial affection for your venerable uncle, the illustrious Archbishop Spalding of Baltimore, whom I loved and revered as my father in God.

The splendid talents with which God has endowed you have been employed not only in instructing the faithful of your own diocese, but also in enlightening your fellow citizens throughout the land. Your zeal for God's Church has been made manifest by the steady growth of religion here, during the last twenty-five years. Churches and clergy, institutions erected in the cause of education, of religion and humanity, have unceasingly multiplied during your administration. When I survey the field and see what has been accomplished in a quarter of a century; when I consider the thousands of families coming to our shores from various parts of Europe, and settling in this fruitful State of Illinois; when I contemplate the thousands of their children growing up at their sides, and assimilated into one homogeneous body, inheriting the faith of their fathers; when I behold their representatives assembled before me in such large numbers, may not such a spectacle vividly recall to my mind the Prophet's words, and may I not exclaim with him in joyous accents: "Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusalem, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. The Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about and see. All these are gathered together, they are come to thee. Thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged, when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee."

You have been ably seconded by a loyal and devoted clergy, upon whom you have impressed the character of your

own zeal and activity. Above all, you have been cheered and sustained by the generous aid and co-operation of a pious and enlightened laity, without whose support a Bishop can accomplish little or nothing. An edifying and instructed laity is the glory and ornament of the Church of God.

When the bishop, the clergy, and you, beloved brethren of the laity, are united in the cause of God and humanity, you are invincible. There is no such word as fail. You are an impregnable phalanx. You form a triple chord that cannot be broken. You constitute a triple alliance, more formidable than the triple alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy, because yours is an alliance not sustained by armed hosts, military prowess, and the material sword, but an alliance upheld by the cohesive and enduring power of divine love.

And why, my brethren, should you not co-operate with your Bishop and clergy? Have you not the same God and Father in Heaven? Were you not all redeemed by the blood of the same Blessed Savior? Are you not all sanctified by the same Spirit? "There are diversities of graces," says the Apostle, "but the same Spirit. There are diversities of ministries, but the same Lord. There are diversities of operations, but the same God who worketh all in all." You are in the same bark of Peter, tossed about by the same storms of life, and steering towards the same eternal shores, prospective citizens of the same heavenly kingdom.

And surely there is no country on the face of this earth where you can worship God according to the dictates of your conscience with more freedom than in these United States, where there is liberty without license, and authority without despotism. In 1870, when returning from the Vatican Council, Archbishop Spalding and myself were guests of a Bishop in Savoy. The Bishop resided in a splendid palace, and a sentinel was pacing in front of his residence, stationed there by the government as a guard of honor. I congratulated the Bishop on his magnificent appointments, and the distinction that was paid to him. The Bishop shook his head, and replied to me: "All is not gold that glitters; I cannot build even a sacristy without the permission of the government."

Thank God, no military satrap can stand between you and

your Bishop. Here the government holds over you the ægis of its protection without interfering with you in the exercise of your sacred functions.

May the happy conditions of things now existing among us always continue, when the Bishops and clergy will have direct relations with the people, when prelates and priests will bestow on their spiritual children their apostolic labors, their tender solicitude and fatherly affection, and pour out their heart's blood, if necessary, and when they will receive in return the free will offerings, the devotion and affection of a grateful people.

Be loyal to your country and to your religion. No citizen of the United States should be a drone in the social hive. No citizen should be an indifferent spectator of the social, political, and economic events occurring around him.

As we are all protected by the strong arm of the government, so should we all unite in sustaining the burden of the commonwealth. Above all, take an abiding and a vital personal interest in the welfare of your holy religion. Let the language of the psalmist be your inspiring watchword on this solemn occasion: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I do not remember you, if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

After the sermon the cardinal resumed the official cape of ermine and the celebration of the Mass was resumed. During the offertory the choir sang an "Alleluia," the Grier quartette carrying the solos, and supported by the splendid choir under Professor Plowe's direction.

Too much praise cannot be accorded the choir and those having the music in charge. The musical part of the celebration was in every way worthy of the great occasion. Especially beautiful was the "Sanctus," the violins adding much to the impressiveness and beauty of the number.

During the few moments of absolute silence that followed the singing of the "Sanctus," the scene was one never to be forgotten. The chancel with its gorgeous background of color, thronged with kneeling priests; the vast congregation in

prayer; the banners, the flags, the flowers, the candles, and "God's own sunshine, that shines for all," streaming through the beautiful windows, made a picture of marvelous and most impressive grandeur.

To the inspiring strains of the "March of the Priests" from "Athalia," the priestly procession retired from the chancel. As it came and took its way back to the institute, Cardinal Gibbons, his long robes supported by six train-bearers, retired at once to the episcopal residence, preceded by the other members of the hierarchy and clergy.

### THE BANQUET.

Immediately following the services at the cathedral the dignitaries of the church and the clergymen were entertained at a grand banquet served in the recital hall of Spalding Institute. The decorations were elaborate and the tables were beautifully decked with smilax, American beauty and bride's roses banked about the walls, with stately lilies nodding here and there. When the menu had been disposed of, Bishop O'Reilly, who acted as toast-master, arose and spoke as follows:

#### *Eminent and Respected Prelates and Fathers:*

There is one in the midst of us today, whose presence is not only a personal tribute and greeting to our great Jubilarian, but a supreme joy to the Priests and people of the Diocese, and an honor that our fair city fully appreciates. I allude to our own revered and popular Cardinal Gibbons. Whenever he speaks from the chair of the Primatial See of Baltimore, whether proclaiming the gospel of peace and good will to the faithful, or requests the whole Nation to give thanks for abundant blessings, or touches a minor chord when sorrow bows down the national heart, and his words are carried on the wings of the press, into the millions of homes; we all feel that it is not only good, but a priceless privilege to belong to a church that crowns such noble and worthy men with the insignia of the Cardinalate. I have the honor of introducing

to you His Eminence—our beloved Cardinal Gibbons, who has kindly consented to respond to the toast, "Our Holy Father."

As His Eminence arose he was most cordially received. The Cardinal expressed the reverence and affection of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States for the head of the church, and the hope that he might be spared to the service of mankind for many years to come. He has labored during the long years of his reign for the betterment of humanity. There has been no good cause that has not enlisted his sympathy. His encyclicals have been towers of defence against the attacks of evil, notably those on "The Condition of the Working Classes," "The Christian Constitution of States," "Human Liberty" and "Christian Marriage." Not Catholics only, but all civilized peoples pray that his years may be lengthened.

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#### THE TOAST-MASTER.

##### *Your Eminence and Esteemed Fathers:*

Among our guests on this beautiful May-day, I notice a life-long friend and classmate of our Host, the popular and eloquent Prelate—Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco. We have known him as a zealous and enlightened Pastor in our own State, loved and admired by all, for his noble qualities. His Grace rules a Diocese replete with sacred traditions and historic interest, and the prayers and good wishes of his old friends in Illinois ever follow him to the land of sunshine, and fruits and flowers. His presence here, as a testimony from the far West will add much glory to this occasion, and we invite him to respond to the toast—"Our Country."

#### ADDRESS OF ARCHBISHOP RIORDAN.

##### "OUR COUNTRY."

The toast proposed is a theme far too vast for an after-dinner speech, and so sacred that its introduction amid the joyous incidents of this celebration may seem incongruous and out of place. Yet, loving children never meet in sorrow or in joy without some tribute to the mother who bore them, who

gave them their life and who carries them in her thoughts and affections, even to their graves. So, as loving and devoted sons of the great country in which we live, we feel that the celebration of to-day would be incomplete did we not speak in words of love of this mother land of ours and pledge her a loyalty and devotion that shall never fail. The great Apostle of the Gentiles, though living amid the corruption of the Roman Empire, that at last cast him out as unworthy to live, claimed and exercised his privilege as a free born citizen of Rome and entreated his fellow-Christians to give obedience to the State. There is a patriotic ring in his words when he proclaims himself the citizen of no mean city, though poor and wretched beyond description, viz.: Tarsus of Cilicia, and the Blessed Lord Himself was moved to tears as He beheld the city of Jerusalem and knew of its impending doom, because it had not known the time of its visitation.

That man is to be pitied who can view this magnificent domain, extending from ocean to ocean, capable of producing everything needful or useful for man's life and comfort, with a system of government so gentle in its application to the individual that we are hardly conscious of its existence, the well being of the great majority of its citizens, the general intelligence of the people, the ample means provided for the highest culture, the happy homes in every State of the Union, the obedience to law, the respect for religion, the munificent contribution to the institutions of education and charity that prove, while vast fortunes are easily accumulated, their possessors have the grace to distribute them in aid of worthy objects; the large personal liberty accorded to all and protected in its exercise by law; the inestimable boon of perfect freedom in the domain of conscience—not a privilege granted by the country, not a right held from the State, but a right of conscience so that any law abridging that right so long as in its exercise it does not subvert public order or public decency, is unconstitutional, and hence null and void: I say the man who has all these benefits before his mind and does not feel a thrill of the most intense love for the country is incapable of appreciating the highest and best things of life; his mind is in darkness, his heart is in the dust.

We cannot, with any degree of intelligence, read the history of God's dealings with the human family as manifested in the history of nations without being convinced that this is a chosen land, reserved in the design of an all-loving Providence, as the home of a race of men who, under a system of government hitherto untried, might develop, under the least possible restraint, whatever is good and praiseworthy in their nature; might attain to the highest perfection in the temporal and spiritual order. Here the ideal manhood, so tersely yet so luminously traced by the great Apostle, was to be realized. "Where there is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all in all," to which all men are welcome, no matter where from. Here was to be a city of refuge which all might enter who were tired of the galling yoke of oppression and the trammels which tyranny wound about every sphere of their lives, where merit would be recognized, and man—simply because he is man—receive full recognition as a man.

The republics of the past were republics only in name. Their territory was small, frequently only a single city. The republics of modern times, outside of our own, are not much better. Military despotisms, for the most part, in which a successful soldier holds power over his fellow men and wields it without any restraint upon its exercise. Here, for the first time in the history of the world, was organized a system of government, on a large scale and capable of indefinite expansion, "of the people, by the people and for the people," the culmination of a movement that began with the first preaching of the Christian religion, that aroused the fierce opposition of the Roman Empire, not because it was a religion, but because Rome saw in it a principal of government destructive to its own. It slowly but continuously leavened the thoughts of men during the Middle Ages, and here and there put forth a flower in small free communities until at last, on a fresh soil under more kindly skies, almost unexpectedly, without preparation, as Minerva sprang from the brain of Jove full-armed, it took its place among the nations of the world, and its message to men was a message of liberty and equality, and that conscience is subject only to God. For that we thank God

and love our country, and pray for its prosperity. None are and none have more reason to be grateful than Catholics. Indeed, Catholics throughout the world owe it a debt of gratitude. Every government, from the day it came down from the upper chamber in Jerusalem an organized body instinct with divine life, the indwelling of the Holy Spirit its informing principle and the pledge of its indestructible life, has lifted its hand against the church. "You shall be hated of all men," has received its fulfillment in the history of every nation except one, and that solitary exception is our own. Individuals have attacked us; the people at large have condemned them. Aggregations of individuals, sometimes out of malice, more frequently through ignorance, have striven here and there to light the fires of persecution; the nation at large has cried shame. We have always felt—from the time when only one Bishop from his See in Baltimore governed a small and scattered flock of a few thousand Catholics along the Atlantic shore, down to this hour, when eighty Bishops rule over as many millions as the first did over thousands—once within the precincts of an United States Court and under the protection of the general government, or even State government, our rights, our liberties and our properties were secure; that the promise made to the world by the founders of this republic, that while the government should set up no church of its own, it should protect all men in the free and untrammelled exercise of their religious liberties and God-given rights of conscience. We have always felt that that promise was in force and most sacredly kept. There is not in all history a nobler act recorded than the conduct of those who drew up the Constitution and of those who added to it its first amendment, who sprung from a nation that for three hundred years had been bitterly hostile to the Catholic religion and whose penal laws still disgraced its legislation, at a time when all Europe had risen against the Holy See, whose venerable Pontiff was prisoner, came together in the city of Brotherly Love, organized this government, and in its defense pledged their fortunes, their lives and their sacred honor, and sent across the seas the invitation to the oppressed of every clime to come and build upon a new soil their tabernacles, and, beneath the protection of a new flag, work out their temporal





RT. REV. JAMES RYAN, D. D.  
*Bishop of Alton*

and eternal destinies, subject only to just laws made by themselves, and responsible in all that belongs to the soul to God, and God alone.

I repeat, that this action of the government at the very beginning of its history, coming at the time it did and under the circumstances that confronted it, stands unique in the history of the world and should be remembered with gratitude by Catholics throughout the entire Church. Such has been its attitude in the past, and such is its attitude at present. It leaves us free. If we fail to build up a strong, active and progressive church, the fault will be ours, and a proof that we are unequal to the mission confided to us by God, and lack the qualities which the country looks to us to possess,—well stored minds, Apostolic zeal and the self-sacrificing spirit of the spiritual man. To do our work well, we must love the land in which we live, and the institutions that place no hindrance in our way. Of all citizens we should be the most patriotic, and patriotism does not consist in paying taxes and in external obedience to the laws. It has its root in a loving and grateful heart. The country is still young. It is laying a foundation of a mightier empire than the most vivid imagination can conceive. Surely it is not for any man worthy of the name to stand idly by and, with the sneer of a cynic and the criticism of a pessimist, refuse his co-operation in the mighty work. It is the duty of every Christian man, while helping to lay the foundations of a mighty civil commonwealth, to lay side by side with them the foundations of the City of his God. The field that spreads itself before our gaze is as broad and promising as the greatest activity could desire; the work that we are called to do is as high, as noble and inspiring as ever fired the loftiest ambition.

Permit me a few words of a more personal character. I feel that, having come so far, I may lay claim to your indulgence. Some years ago I listened to an eloquent discourse by the Bishop of this See. Among other things, he uttered the prediction that the typical American of the future would be born in the Valley of the Mississippi. I do not know what the future may bring forth. I cannot say that the man of the future will be of greater stature or better equipped mentally and spiritually than the man of the present. I do know, how-

ever, that a typical American citizen and a typical American Bishop has had his home in this city, the very center of the Mississippi Valley, for the past twenty-five years. He has labored strenuously and successfully "Pro Deo et pro Patria,"—for God and country. He has done his part as a workman of whom we need not be ashamed, to strengthen the institutions of our beloved country. His words, so often and so eloquently spoken, have carried inspiration and life to thousands. We are gathered about him to-day from all parts of the country, and we speak our congratulations in words of heartfelt sincerity, and we ask that many years may still be his to work Pro Deo et pro Patria.

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THE TOAST-MASTER.

*Your Eminence and Honored Friends:*

It gives additional joy and splendor to this day to witness the first Rector of our great and promising Catholic University extend hearty greeting to its chief promoter and devoted patron. The whole life of the devout and erudite Metropolitan of Dubuque is a series of lessons on the great Christian virtues, accentuating in a high degree kindness, forbearance and good will. There is a feeling of delight which we cannot repress or conceal in beholding the first sponsor and regent of our greatest school of learning extend personal felicitation to its founder and benefactor. It is my privilege to introduce to you His Grace, Archbishop Keane, who will respond to the toast—"The Church in Our Own Country."

ADDRESS OF ARCHBISHOP KEANE.

"THE CHURCH IN OUR OWN COUNTRY."

He does the best service to both Church and Country who keeps us in mind of their ideals.

We are too prone to be mere statisticians. We think and speak of both Church and Country in terms of what we can count or measure. This makes us boastful, and it leads us to deceive not only others but ourselves as to the great realities.

We expand our facts and our figures to the vastness of a balloon filled with gas.

Every now and then, Providence gives us a man gifted to pierce through mere externalities to the inner life of things. His mission is to teach his generation that bigness is not excellence, to place in their true light the ideals without conformity to which size and show are but sham.

Such was the gift and such the vocation of Carlyle. We love him for his hatred of shams. But he lacked the knowledge of the truth which alone gives us the ideal. He knew that there must be "an intelligence at the heart of things;" but he knew not the word which that intelligence has spoken to His creatures, and so he became a pessimist and a scold.

Such, too, was the gift and such the mission of Emerson. We honor him for his discontent with external things, for his aspiration after the transcendental realities. But he, too, had been robbed by heredity of the treasure of the truth; and so he comes sadly near to being simply a pantheistic dreamer.

Such is the gift and such the mission of Bishop Spalding. To a philosophic penetration and an artistic genius fully equal, in my opinion, to those of Carlyle and Emerson, he unites a profound knowledge of the fullness of truth bestowed on mankind by the Savior of the world. Together with the genius of critic, poet, and philosopher; he possesses the heart of a Priest. No wonder, then, that he has done truer and nobler and more useful work than either Carlyle or Emerson. He had not, like them, the misfortune of being hampered from the start with an inheritance of political, social and theological fetters which it cost their best energies to escape from, and which had scarred and crippled them for life. America gave him unfettered limbs, and the grand old Apostolic Church endowed him with the liberty of the children of God. And so, without hindrance, his genius has expanded in the full, free light of the true, the beautiful and the good, and therefore, when from the fullness of his heart he has uttered words of wisdom to his fellow-Catholics and his fellow-Americans, there has been in them no sound of intellectual uncertainty, no bitterness of the heart, no despair of the soul, but teachings of light and love, of wisdom and joy.

He views all things in the light of their ideals. To him, the Church is simply what it is in the mind of God, that is, the Body of Christ, the external organization of religion, the embodiment in the life of mankind of faith and hope and love. This alone is to him the living Church of Christ; the practical realization of this the only thing that churchmen can rightly boast of, or rather give thanks for. With mere addition of church members and multiplication of church means he has been nobly impatient. In words of matchless force and eloquence he has reminded us of the ideal, warned us of the ideal, scourged us with the ideal. Few men have possessed to such a degree the power of scorn. May he continue to use it, and with redoubled force, until the last remnant of mere statistical boastfulness, of mere externalism and phariseism shall have disappeared from among us.

In like manner he has upheld and insisted on the ideal of our country. To him it has meant not a geographical area, however rich in nature's treasures, nor the gathering of so many millions of men under a certain flag of a certain government, nor the incomparable multiplying of productions and piling up of wealth.

It has meant the promotion of human welfare under the fullest influences of the best civilization, under the untrammelled reign of freedom, of civil quality, of even-handed justice, of popular comfort and well being; of enlightenment, culture, refinement, religion. Any boasting of American progress which did not mean all that has been to him mere empty bombast, and the boasters have oft times smarted under the lash of his indignant eloquence. May the lash lose none of its weight or its sting, for the days of humbug are not yet ended.

To his clear intuition, religion and culture are two outpourings of the Divine Life into the life of mankind; and man's chief duty is to welcome them and respond to them. Hence no one in our day has spoken so persistently, so truly, so beautifully concerning life and the duty of right living. Life has been to him the summing up of all powers and opportunities, right living the summing up of all duties, the higher life the summing up of all aspirations. To live for the best has been

his own aim; to make it the aim of all whose minds and hearts he could reach has been his constant endeavor. As priest, as poet, as philosopher, he has striven unceasingly to bring religion and culture into closer relationship in the life of his generation, to make religion more cultured and culture more religious in the thought and action of our age. 'Twas this that made him the first and strongest influence for the founding of the Catholic University of America, and only the constant inbreathing of that same spirit can make the institution a vital and uplifting potency in our country's life.

To fit him for so lofty a mission, Providence has endowed him with a marvelous gift of artistic expression. To my mind, no American has equalled Bishop Spalding in the power of uttering beautiful and noble thoughts in beautiful and noble language. And I know of but one other American who can compare with him in breadth and loftiness of view and in force of noblest inspiration. That other is Father Hecker, and therefore at one period Providence brought them together. Side by side they stood and looked out on the wondrous panorama of God's ways with men. Then Providence separated their paths, that they might tell mankind of the glorious vision,—one in the thrilling tones of the model missionary, the other in the loftier eloquence of the philosopher and the Bishop.

That grandest of works Bishop Spalding has done untiringly and well these twenty-five years. And his last sweet utterances, in "God and the Soul," prove that his wings show no signs of weakness or weariness. May they long continue to soar to sublimer heights. From my heart I pray, long life to the sage of Peoria, who has done more than any living man to make us appreciate and love the ideal of our Church and the ideal of our Country.

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#### THE TOAST-MASTER.

##### *Respected Fathers:*

It is well that the story of this Diocese should be told by one who was on the ground when our Host took charge of the field. He has witnessed the initiative, and he knows present conditions. I introduce to you Dean Keating of Ottawa, a

strong, earnest and brilliant advocate of the cause we preach and plead, vigilant and painstaking, and ever ready to conform to the wishes of our great Jubilarian, in those things that make for the interest of the Church, and the progress and advancement of Catholic education. The subject of his remarks will be—"The Diocese of Peoria."

ADDRESS OF DEAN KEATING.

"OUR DIOCESE."

With good reason we rejoice today. Our Diocese and her illustrious head have journeyed together for twenty-five years, and their company-keeping has been mutually satisfactory. The past has been one of triumph—ever-continued success; the future, abounding in promise, will be an incentive to never-ceasing exertion.

In dealing briefly with this subject it would seem that bare submitting of facts is infinitely preferable to any mere elegance of diction.

When separation took place from the grand old Diocese of Chicago, and the present Ordinary came amongst us, I would not say the outlook was uninviting, but it most certainly showed the necessity of earnest, patient work with a wise, intelligent, executive to point out the way, and the Lord smiled upon Peoria and sent as her first Bishop the man of the hour, the man of the day—John L. Spalding.

The Priests were few, three or four schools had a sickly existence, and the Churches, with scarcely an exception, were mere make-shifts, built in missionary times to keep alive the Faith amongst a scattered and moving people. They had answered their purpose and should now give way to Temples more seemly and in keeping with the worship of the Living God.

The new Head was indefatigable. He seemed to be everywhere, and by advice and example electrified Priests and people.

His Omnipresent Ideal, upon which his whole life has been molded, was presented with thrilling effect to all classes, "Seek

ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all things shall be added to you." Like the Divine Master, he denied himself the ordinary comforts of life, was ever humble and considerate, and during his first years lived in a dingy house, little better than a shanty, and seemed ill at ease, wholly non-plussed, when his thoughtful, loving Priests presented him with a home more worthy of his position.

Can you wonder that headway has been made that the most optimistic could not conceive?

We have now a Catholic population of 120,000, one hundred and eighty-one Priests, two hundred and fourteen churches, three colleges and academies for boys, nine academies for young ladies, sixty-one Parochial schools, two orphan asylums, seven hospitals, one home for aged poor, and one industrial and reform school.

There is manifest on every hand striking evidence of a splendidly organized Diocese. Magnificent, imposing churches greet us on all sides, and large, commodious school structures, well equipped with the modern appliances, make provision for the rising generation. The old, the orphan and the wayward are cared for, and the number of ecclesiastical students is sufficient for all the demands upon the Holy Ministry.

The very best of good feeling and brotherly spirit prevails in the Priesthood, and the Bishop is the recognized Father of all. Where he might readily command, it is more pleasing to him to suggest, and it is the pride and ambition of his devoted Clergy to anticipate his every wish, believing implicitly in the soundness of his judgment and the absolute disinterestedness of his motives.

We are full of supreme happiness to have so many eminent Ecclesiastics, distinguished princes of the Church, join with us in the Silver Anniversary of the founding of "Our Diocese" and consecration of its first head, and with all respect and deference we assure them we will continue in a course not unworthy of the name already won by the gifted Prelate in charge.

With Bishop Spalding in the van, there can be no failure; at the sound of his clarion voice the best energies are aroused, noblest thoughts stimulated and sacrifices welcomed with joy.

We are deservedly proud of Our Diocese and its zealous Priesthood.

In behalf of every Priest and the whole Laity I tender to our Bishop the deepest, sincerest respect of all. He possesses our unlimited confidence, our unswerving fidelity, and may a beneficent Providence grant many, many years of health and happiness to the thoughtful educator, practical ruler, ideal ecclesiastic and peerless Christian gentleman, John Lancaster Spalding of "Our Diocese."

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THE TOAST-MASTER.

*Honored Guests:*

The German Catholics—Priests and laity of this Diocese—have worked side by side with us for the best interests of Church and School. They can, however, claim unstinted praise and deserve special mention in the building up of our Hospitals and other Institutions of mercy. In behalf of this zealous and progressive nationality, Dean Greve has been chosen to offer felicitations to our Host. He is a man known to all for his great virtues and attainments and his exemplary life. He has accepted the invitation to speak on the subject—"A Tribute From the German Element."

ADDRESS OF DEAN GREVE.

"A TRIBUTE FROM THE GERMAN ELEMENT."

The air, it seems, is still vibrating from the echo of the speakers who were gleaning in the fields of eloquence and carried off golden sheaves. The reapers have left, with exquisite delicacy, a small gleaning for me.

It gives me very sincere pleasure to address, with a cordial and heart-felt delight, this illustrious assemblage, as it represents in an eminent degree that friendly feeling which exists among the respective members of the Clergy. A kind forbearance I know I shall have from you in my most inadequate efforts to speak of the Clergy of German parentage worthily. I am thankful for the opportunity afforded to express their sentiments.

We all are proud we are Americans. We are in a country that we call the best on the habitable globe, because there is more liberty here than there is anywhere else. We are under a system of government where the avenues to distinction are open to all. Opportunities are so universal, the laborer of today may become a capitalist of tomorrow, that those who could not well succeed in their native land are living under the most favorable circumstances here in this country. This land has done more for all races than all other countries under heaven. Nobody should forget that America is kinder to him than his native land, no matter what place he comes from. Throwing to the winds all prejudice, all partisanship, we are working as men, as Americans, as lovers and friends of justice, as patriots, as Christians, as Priests for the weal of the country, for the welfare of the Church, for the glory of God. This country is an asylum for every race, where the members of families can sit with happy faces and tender eyes at peace by their own firesides, under the ægis of the glorious banner of liberty. We all, as Americans, hate nationalities, but we cherish patriotism; we all have the best interests of the people in common at heart.

The American citizens of German blood, whether born in this country or whose cradle stood upon German soil, inhaling the air of sweet freedom, participate in the development of the intellectual and material resources of the land. Their great achievements upon all the fields of human activity, whereby they enrich the civilization of the human race, are well known. In all the walks of life you meet traces of their zeal and labor both to establish our republic and to sustain it in time of war as well as in time of peace. Germans lent their service to America when it struggled for its freedom and independence. German heroes of the war of the rebellion are glorying in the array of the brave chiefs of our nation, and many a courageous soldier has shed his blood for the land of his adoption, to whom the Nation owes a debt of gratitude. They always put their shoulder to the wheel to promote the general welfare of the community, be it in agriculture, industry, trade, commerce, statesmanship, art or literature. Our own city owes a fair percentage of its healthy and steady growth to the

German element. The amalgamation of the various races with their best natural gifts and under the inspiration of a great future, changed a nation of weakness and poverty into one of might and opulence that all the powers of the earth have to respect and consult.

But this country is more than an asylum for us all. It is the land of promise to us Catholics. Religion and Church enjoy full freedom here. A large proportion of the Germans are Catholics, they have worked faithfully and zealously with their co-laborers for the interest of the Mother Church. They are, I think, not unjustly classed among the pillars of Church, school and home. They are not slow to build and decorate houses of worship. They are also proud of the schools which they erect and run at their own expense to impart the essential principles of good citizenship, religion and morality to their children. Church and school are linked closely in their view. Nor are benevolence or charity strange to them. By means of orphanages they save the little ones from temporal misery and eternal ruin; they prove themselves good and true Samaritans by their hospitals and other charitable institutions, wherein their faithful sons and noble daughters sacrifice their lives to alleviate the burden of human misery, pain and malady, and to prepare the dying for a happy eternity. All these nurseries of science and benevolence attest the immense achievements of Christianity in this country, no matter what nation we belong to. From a little spark thrown here and there into this world desert, it grew to a mighty flame, whose light and lustre are spread all over the land to encourage the good, to instruct the ignorant, to aid the needy, to nurse the sick, to those that are outside the pale of Catholicity to spread its benediction within and without. Let it go on then with increased zeal and redoubled activity and be assured that as long as union and harmony prevail between clergy and laity, the Catholic Church will march on triumphantly under the guidance of heaven in America. We, as priests of the Diocese of Peoria, celebrating the Silver Jubilee both of the diocese and of our Bishop, look with solemn pride upon the Ordinary given to us by the hand of the Divine Providence as a man of refined culture and as a master of the German tongue. In his study of the world of





RT. REV. P. J. O'REILLY, D. D.  
*Auxiliary Bishop of Peoria*

literature he transcended the narrow limits of race and country and entered the rich mines of German science, both in poetry and philosophy. He has gathered some select flowers from the German garden of song and translated them into his mother language without sacrificing their original melody. He came across precious stores in our much admired Goethe. In his life object to spread higher education both by word and deed, he places before us our poet as educator. With the same easy mastery wherewith he tests poetry, he also takes up the current of German philosophy, the shrine of philosophy. He finds great interest in the direction in which the younger German school is moving. Where are those men with countenances serene and majestic, with dignified port and noble attire, with polished language and classical air, if not within the precincts of tender religion, that harmonious instrument which pitches the tone of their eloquence. No loftier ideal can be held up to the emulation of ingenuous youth than our good and dear Jubilarian. With such a chief I think we cannot be wholly ignoble.

Ad multos annos!

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#### THE TOAST-MASTER.

*My Friends:*

Not the least among things that give delight and unbounded satisfaction on this Day of Thanksgiving, is the Consecration of the Cathedral. To make this possible the right man was needed. He must be a man who had the courage and ability to meet a lingering debt and cancel it in short order, a man earnest and forceful, and who could enlighten and persuade and marshal forces; and these conditions were met and fulfilled by the Rev. Francis J. O'Reilly, Chancellor, who is invited to respond to the Toast—"Our Jubilee Day."

## ADDRESS OF CHANCELLOR O'REILLY.

## "OUR JUBILEE DAY."

In celebrating the Silver Jubilee of its Bishop, the Diocese of Peoria offers itself today for measurement. While it would turn away from everything that might savor of boastfulness, it does feel pardonable pride in vigor and strength that find expression in other than twenty-five years of existence. From whatever point of view one cares to consider the years, they have been characteristic of the growth of the American Church and are replete with real interest.

We celebrate this day because we feel we are citizens of no mean country. We do not claim all the excellences of America. We have not the hill scenery of the East, with winding streams and fertile valleys, wildwood brooks, sudden vistas of fretful fell and purple cliff; we have not the massive plateaus and grim canons of the Colorado; neither have we leagues of dead sand where no green things grow, and no birds build; nor have we on the yon side a "Sea of Peace" awaiting us—just Iowa and Missouri. Ours the opulent life of prairies rich in the exuberance of their golden harvests. Had our visitors come to us a few weeks later we had shown them the waving corn chased by mingled sunshine and shadow, wooed by dew of night and carol of the lark, tossing itself like ocean waves, restless at restraint; to many shores its yellow grain is borne and many tables bend beneath its wealth. In a land whose very fruitfulness makes us necessarily close to the earth, that voice is akin to divine which calls us to things of the mind and higher life, and we have been made to feel, in Emerson's thought, at least, that "Wherever a man stands the whole arch of the sky is over him," and that even here not small things can be done.

The foundation of the Catholic Church in these parts was laid in the heroic. The first settlement in the Middle West found a halting place just across the river. The name given the beginning of the white man's dwelling here tells us that La Salle's journeyings brought him many disappointments and disasters, remembering which, he called the place Fort Creve Cœur. On the same stream, a few miles further up, Father

Marquette celebrated Mass a hundred years before this nation was born. Hard by Father Gabriel de la Ribourde offered up his life in martyr-fate. When finally the struggle for liberty came, Father Gibault, going even beyond his sturdy confrere, Father Farmer of Philadelphia, who had refused to help the recruiting service of the English by declining to become chaplain of a regiment, to be known as the "Roman Catholic Volunteers," Father Gibault rendered such active service in dislodging the Royalists in the Northwest that the Legislature of Virginia voted him public thanks in 1780. McCarthy and Charleville, captaining two regiments of Illinois volunteers in the same war, tell us how the shamrock and the lily found their way to the banks of the Mississippi.

All this an augury that as heroic souls wrought then for religion and liberty, others not less resolute though less stimulated by environment, would be found not inactive nor silent in the later and more peaceful surroundings. By nature we have been set down here in the heart of the continent for peaceful pursuits. "The citizen, standing in the doorway of his home, contented on his threshold, his family gathered about his hearthstone, while the evening of a well spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest, he shall save the republic, when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted."

An American traveler tells us that the lake country of England is not finer than the lake district of Wisconsin. But in its time it has been the home of great minds and hearts. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, DeQuincey, Christopher North, Charles Lamb and Harriet Martineau lived along the road that winds among the hills and lakes. There is, after all, nothing great in the world but man—real contributions to the heritage of the race center round the names of men and women. If, then, we are to have any place among cherished memories, is not that to come through men who, though living, yet, are so rich in gifts that many become sharers, and if such dwell here may we not lift out voices in joyous acclaim? Somehow, I think of St. Francis Assissi entering Rome. It was evening—the rays of the setting sun were slanting on the Campagna and flooding the lofty terrace of the Lateran Pal-

ace, where a group of splendidly attired churchmen were walking, drinking in the balmy breath of the evening air. One walked apart, simply clad, but with the mien of a monarch; on his lordly brow sat gravely the care of the great world's affairs. Philip Augustus of France, John of England, Otho of Germany, Pedro of Arragon, had all been humbled to the very dust before his footstool. Frederick, the young, the brilliant Emperor, the last of the great Hohenstauffen line, was his ward, while the conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders brought the whole East under the control of his hands. Innocent, immersed in care, had few words to waste upon the tattered, stained traveler. One finds it difficult to be harsh with Innocent for the scant courtesy bestowed upon Francis. That night Innocent's sleep was haunted by a vision. He saw a palm tree slowly growing beneath his feet and rising into a beautiful tree; he saw the Lateran Basilica falling into ruins and a certain poor man of humble and despised aspect stooping beneath the burden and sustaining it. "Truly," cried the Pontiff, "this is he who by labor and doctrine shall sustain the Church of Christ," and Innocent granted Francis' request for the establishing of his order. Commenting upon this act, an English writer says: "Innocent by that day's work added 200 years to the dominion of the Roman Church."

Whether we accept the statement as true or not, the view is in the main correct. The Church stands or falls, it makes progress or it recedes; it is vital or cumbers the ground according as she finds captains and rulers, leaders and wise Bishops to guide her destiny.

And if you to-day with me but recall Pericles standing by the blue Mediterranean and pronouncing words of eulogy over Greeks who had fallen in defense of their country, and if you go to Athens and listen to the unarmed eloquence of Demosthenes, and know that they have lived again in an awakened and cultured mind, and if you could hear the shout of liberty going up even in dark continents and know that not one syllable but has been heard by that liberty loving ear, and if you could hear that voice raised in warning against our wandering in untried fields and reckless breakings asunder of bonds written for our guidance, and if you could hear the

calls to a noble and nobler priesthood—amid it all, if you could see the fraternities grow around us, you would still more wonder that to literature there should have been added a single line, since on all sides under his guiding hand there has arisen a growth of school and church that to-day marks a transformed city—a diocese made new. This is why we celebrate, and this is why the May days of 1877 and 1902 are inseparably linked with the name of John Lancaster Spalding.

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THE TOAST-MASTER.

*Brothers of the Episcopate and of the clergy*—With friends to cheer and the multitude acclaiming, yet there is always special joy and delight in the greetings that come from home. The scenes of childhood and especially in the country, the Church and school, however humble, the neighbors and friends of our fathers, the scenery—that while it may not enchant, is to us of priceless value—all these form a sacred picture and inspire a theme, that will always find a place in song and story. I have the pleasure of introducing to you Dean Hogarty of Kentucky, the popular and estimable pastor of Bishop Spalding's native parish. He comes here to present the good wishes and undying friendship of a people that never forget to honor the illustrious names that shed lustre on a grand and faithful colony. His subject will be—"Congratulations From Home."

ADDRESS OF DEAN HOGARTY.

"CONGRATULATIONS FROM HOME."

*Right Reverend Bishop Spalding:*

On this, the Silver Jubilee of your consecration as Bishop, when so many princes and prelates of the Church have assembled to proclaim the achievements of twenty-five years of arduous labors, and by their appreciation of the glorious work already accomplished to inspire your heart with new courage for the yet greater work before you, may we hope that a humble tribute from your childhood's home will not be wholly unwelcome?

Amid the plaudits of the hierarchy, of those who have shared with you the labor and the honors that are due to a long and eminently successful career as worthy successors of the Apostles, the congregation of St. Augustine's in Lebanon, Ky., can only hope that a heartfelt greeting from the friends and companions of your childhood, who have sympathized with your every effort, and rejoiced at every successive triumph of your zeal and of your genius, will be acceptable as an assurance that, in your case, the prophet is not without honor in his own country.

When thrilled with joyous pride at each recurring evidence of your zeal and eminent abilities, and of the recognition so fully accorded them throughout the Christian world, we have at all times claimed you as our own—the product of our own Kentucky home, toward which, we feel assured, your heart ever turns, in such moments of leisure as may be permitted, from the engrossing labors of your busy life.

There are the friends and companions of your youth; in the veins of many of whom the life blood flows from the same common source; who, with you, are descendants of those hardy pioneers of St. Mary's County of Catholic Maryland, and who recall, with affectionate detail, your youthful trials and triumphs, the friendships of boyhood's days, and the intimate associations of budding manhood. They proudly dwell upon the fact that there, amid the beautiful scenery and in the bracing air of that favored land, within sound of the bells of St. Augustine's, the faculties of your youthful mind expanded, and the aspirations of your heart were directed and ennobled by the glorious traditions of a Nerinx, a Badin, a Fournier, an Abell and other zealous priests, whose devoted labors yet bear abundant fruit in the lives of our people, long after they have been called to their reward.

When, as a young man, you left the scenes of your boyhood to procure the thorough equipment then obtainable only in Europe, you had already given such evidence of strength and symmetry of development that the congregation of St. Augustine's had bright anticipations of a brilliant and useful career, and their prayers attended you on your journey.

When you returned to your native state, an anointed priest





ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL

of God, an ambassador of Christ, filled with holy zeal, endowed with untiring energy, with mind matured and exquisitely trained for the work that was before you, we knew that the fruition of our hopes could not be long delayed, that your efforts would compel, unsought, the admiration and applause of the world. We knew that your capacity for useful and effective work would grow with the expanding opportunities for its exercise, and that the field of your influence would correspondingly increase.

Onward and upward has ever been your motto, and with that boundless energy that is characteristic in your race and country, with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and a capacity for unremitting labor, that, if not genius, is its inseparable companion, you have accomplished results that are the wonder and admiration of America and of Europe, and have added glory and renown to the cause of the Church.

We leave to others the task of recounting those deeds; they are part of history; from your building of the first church for colored Catholics in the city of Louisville, yet standing as a monument to your priestly zeal, to the successful foundation of the great Catholic University of America. But in that history, we feel special pride, and claim the privilege of presenting this testimonial of our affectionate esteem, with the assurance that, as heretofore, our prayers will ascend to the throne of the Most High that you may long be spared for yet greater triumphs in His service, for His greater glory, and that of His Holy Church throughout the world.

V. REV. J. A. HOGARTY,  
HON. J. P. THOMPSON,  
HON. H. W. RIVES,

Committee on Behalf of Congregation.

"What I have done, to me is nothing now,  
Or but a vantage ground, from which I see  
My task still widening to infinity,  
While o'er the past sinks the horizon's brow."

A letter from Spalding Council, Knights of Columbus, was then read.

LETTER FROM SPALDING COUNCIL  
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

*Right Reverend John Lancaster Spalding, D. D., Bishop of  
Peoria:*

Right Reverend and Dear Bishop:

Spalding Council, No. 427, Knights of Columbus of Peoria, Ill., having honored itself, with your approval, by the adoption of your distinguished name, and fully appreciating you as a man, as a citizen, and as a gentle but firm spiritual adviser, avail themselves of this opportunity of expressing to you hearty congratulations upon this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of your spiritual guardianship over us.

We devoutly pray to Almighty God to keep you in His tender care and extend to you many years of health and happiness. As a slight evidence of our high esteem, we beg leave to present to you, in the name of our council, our certified check for one thousand dollars, to be used by you in furnishing a permanent scholarship at Spalding Institute in Peoria, Ill., the same to be known as Spalding Council, Knights of Columbus Scholarship. Having full confidence in your judgment, we leave it to you to adopt such rules and regulations for the government of this scholarship as you may deem right and proper.

We beg leave, Right Reverend Sir, to subscribe ourselves your obedient servants.

P. A. DONAHUE,  
Grand Knight.

WM. BOURKE,  
Financial Secretary.

GEORGE KENNEDY,  
Treasurer.

May 1, 1902.

## THE TOAST-MASTER.

*Your Eminence and Revered Guests.*

Any great occasion or grand festivity in this diocese would seem incomplete without the presence of Dean Mackin of Rock Island. Of broad and generous views, spontaneous impulse, genial and hospitable; he instinctively brightens a Jubilee Day, and diffuses sunshine and good cheer. The Dean is an ardent admirer of our great and illustrious Bishop, and predicts for him a lofty and conspicuous niche in the temple of the world's best and most famous men. In behalf of the priests of the diocese, he has been requested to present—"Greetings to Our Jubilarian."

## ADDRESS OF DEAN MACKIN.

## "GREETINGS TO OUR JUBILARIAN."

Assembled to honor and greet Right Reverend John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, on this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Episcopal consecration, we obey an injunction of human nature which prompts all people to respect and reverence distinguished men.

Few men in this or any country can be accredited with brighter fame than Bishop Spalding has earned. By his learning and tact he has reconciled people widely at variance with Christian teachings. His masterly lectures, delivered in thronged halls throughout this country, have riveted upon him the attention of the American people and disposes them to read his books.

With "Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education," "Means and Ends of Education," "Education and Higher Life," "Opportunity and Other Essays," "Aphorisms and Reflections," "Songs from the German," "God and the Soul;" with these books and other writings the Right Reverend Bishop entertains numerous classes of readers in every part of this vast republic. He thus enters into the heart of the peasant, into the work shop of the artisan; he is in the hands of the school children; on the desks of teachers and professors.

Priests and scholars read him; besides his eloquence sings all over the land, is heard in Paris and resounds in Rome.

The people of this country, jealous of their institutions and believing that a knowledge of the principles on which they are based is necessary to their perpetuity, go to great extravagance in building schools and endowing colleges so that means and opportunity may be everywhere at hand to enable them to be thoroughly trained. That this laudable intent might have full sanction of the American Hierarchy, Bishop Spalding used his pen and tongue at home and abroad and continued this agitation for higher education until success crowned his efforts in the establishment of the Catholic University at Washington, the seat of government. Behold this center of learning, the extension of Rome who has civilized the world—Rome who has seen the rise and fall of nations and still lives on in undiminished splendor to guide the destinies of men and to hold on high the lamp of learning, burning as of old with brightest effulgence. Witness this achievement and witness the man who was chiefly instrumental in its accomplishment.

Pass we now from this broad scope of public interest in which we have seen Bishop Spalding play successfully a distinguished part to the narrower confines of his own diocese to see the effort of his great activity. Twenty-five years ago this Diocese of Peoria was founded. It contains eighteen thousand five hundred and fifty-four square miles of territory, enough to make several San Marino republics. In the period of twenty-five years you can see the great wealth of population and territorial extension acquired by the United States; in a less proportion, but in a degree not less astounding, in the Diocese of Peoria under the rule of Bishop Spalding, increased churches, schools, institutes, colleges, hospitals, asylums, and convents.

These institutions distributed among one hundred and twenty thousand Catholics justify the addition of an auxiliary bishop. It is very fortunate that a man eminently qualified for the position and most acceptable to the priests was chosen. Fellow soldiers in the trenches, be not discouraged, we have a valiant and noble captain, who will in time reward us all. One auxiliary does not suffice, Bishop Spalding therefore relying on our loyalty counts on each of his one hundred and

eighty priests to prove as far as possible in every emergency a faithful auxiliary. So we are all in a position of honor and trust. This reciprocity of mutual interest and confidence makes the life of Bishop Spalding and his priests happy and the growth and development of Peoria Diocese marvelous. Unity of co-operation between Bishop Spalding and his priests is not the work of chance. Of the one hundred and twenty thousand Catholics spread over an area of eighteen thousand five hundred and fifty-four miles square there is not one child, one man or woman who has not seen or heard Bishop Spalding.

Despite long journeys through heat and cold, Bishop Spalding is in every village, town and city in every part of his diocese, lecturing and instructing his people. It is his constant practice before administering the sacrament of confirmation to examine each child in turn and explain the meaning of the words which the child may use in answer. Parents and children, seeing the interest thus taken in their enlightenment, at once love him and with tears pray for his speedy return. When subsequently it is announced the Bishop will be here in May to give confirmation there is joy in the hearts of all. The priests likewise, with whom Bishop Spalding associates as a tender father with his sons, long to see him again and again and, like Peter and James on the mount, would fain live with him forever.

With hearts aglow with delight, Right Reverend Bishop, at your triumphs at home and abroad, we, your devoted priests, tender you our homage, our loyalty, our obedience and our love, and we pray that God may spare you length of days to celebrate your golden jubilee. To mark this event and to prove the sincerity of our words we herewith present you a token of our appreciation of your great learning, great service and unbounded merits.

In reply to this greeting of his clergy the Bishop, who was visibly affected, spoke as follows:

## **Bishop Spalding's Address**

Whatever stirs emotions disturbs judgment. This most beautiful May time, a great concourse of people, a throng of bishops and priests in symbolic vesture; music, pleading for power to utter the thought and love of the Eternal, or bursting forth in swelling volumes of sound that roll and rise, borne on viewless wings, to the throne of God; rites and ceremonies, hallowed by association with the divinest faith and the noblest memories, with the heroic sufferings and triumphs of millions of men and women—the fine flower and fruit of humanity—who century after century for more than fifty generations have taken their stand on the world-wide battlefield, steadfast until swallowed in the vortices of visible things, to relive in the ever-enduring universe of pure spirit—all this exalts the imagination and lifts to spheres where feeling is spontaneous and deliberation difficult.

For most of us who are gathered here the day itself brings thoughts which for each one are tender and moving, as with varying shade and circumstance they twine around the founding of parishes, the building of churches and schools and homes of mercy and beneficence, that in more than a hundred towns and villages, and on wide prairies amid the growing corn and the ripening harvest, have risen at the call of faith and at the promptings of a generosity that seems to annul selfish impulse, so long as there is good to be done—recollections of youthful courage, high hope and pertinacious labor undertaken for what each one believed to be most divine, and endured for the love of what is holiest. It is inevitable, therefore, that emotions swell within us which dispose us to accept as truth words which sober reason is reluctant to approve. But best reason rests in Love from which the universe has sprung, of whose deepest heart certainly our religion is born; and since from this same source the sentiments which inspire us to-day rise like a fountain's pure, light-seeking waters, why may we not believe and affirm that what such emotion has

awakened and bodied forth in word and deed, is very truth? Not indeed, logical or scientific truth—a skeleton of formulas and facts—but the truth which is borne in upon the soul when mothers sing their children to sleep, when lovers sitting side by side watch the sun, sinking beneath the horizon, and the stars as one by one they smile from infinitude on the homes of men; such truth as the flowers speak, when from their lowly beds they look up and laugh before us; such as children reveal and impersonate when heaven is mirrored in their pure eyes and innocent faces.

If truth were but the naked fact, where should there be room for the ineffable charm which interfuses itself with the glow of dawn and sunset, with the light that falls from starlit skies and from the countenances of those we love; for the passion and patience, the trust and longing, the sacrifice and aspiration, which impel the soul to transcend the limitations of time and space and which give to human life its power and blessedness?

When we recall the years that are no more, the paths we trod in childhood, the concert of voices that in the long ago made the woodland ring with music, the quick current of youthful blood athrill with high hopes and noble resolves, and suddenly are made aware that it has all dissolved into emptiness and become as though it had never been, it is not possible to remain cold and impassive. When we turn to the beginning of our early manhood, as issuing with sublime self-confidence from the portals of our Alma Mater, we vowed to walk and work for Christ, to illumine, to guide, to strengthen, to console and to save men, and are made deeply conscious how little our purposes have fulfilled themselves in deeds, we are softened and sobered, grow lowly minded and meek, like those who contemplate ruins which the centuries have wrought. In such mood all vanity and self-complacency die within us, and words of praise and commendation sound like mockery.

The achievements of even the genuinely great, if they be considered in the light of the Eternal, are insignificant.

Were God not, the whole race of man would be no better than the parasites that batten on decay. But God is, and

they who have best insight best know that man's worth is measured by the degree of his kinship with Him, without whom he would be but a semblance and unreality.

If in any one of us there be aught that may win approval or awaken admiration or thankfulness, whether it be truth, or honesty, or mildness, or intelligence, or strength of mind, or rectitude, or courage, or perseverance, or humility, or love, or piety, or unselfishness, it is of, through, and for God, from whom all life springs, to whom all hope looks, toward whom all yearning moves, on whom all faith rests, in whom all hearts find repose.

In the twenty-five years on which we now set the seal of eternity, whatever may have been well done by any of us, has been done for Him and by His help. The field is His, the seed is His; His, the rain and sunshine; His, the vital force that has built unto itself a body and brought about the harmonic play of all the members of the organism. We have but been His servants, and had we not been at all, He, had He so willed, would have found others and better. Our only merit is that of servants and true service is our only blessedness.

The service we have chosen is that which the Eternal stooped to earth and wore human flesh to perform. It is the most beneficent, the holiest, the helpfulest, the most needful which it can fall to the lot of man to do. The task set us is to make ourselves and others Christ-like and God-like.

If those who profess to lead a religious life have the morals of the crowd or worse, they are the most contemptible and are, in fact, the most despised of men; but they who have the soul, and not merely the name of priest, are divine men—are, in word and deed, God's faithfulest witnesses to the Truth that liberates, to the Love that saves and beatifies.

“Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest  
Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny;  
Yea, with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,  
Stand thou on this side, for on that am I.”

No unworthy thought has impelled us to commemorate this day with solemn rites and grave words. Few of us are so immature as to attach importance to a mere demonstration.





SPALDING INSTITUTE

None of us are so frivolous as to imagine that what is said of a man has meaning or value other than that derived from what he is; and what he is, not himself even, but God alone knows.

There may be merit in collecting so many thousand dollars and in paying mechanics for fitting together so many stones and so many pieces of wood, but where the aim and end are spiritual, praise for doing such things is not to the purpose. Neither the heart nor the proper work of such a one is in matter, which has meaning for him only in so far as it is made to serve higher interests, by becoming the nourishment or the symbol of the soul. He knows that what each one, and the social body as well, most needs is not wealth, nor privilege, nor cunning, nor favor, but larger, braver, holier, sweeter life—more sympathy, more courage, more wisdom, more love. They prevail who are stronger than their fellows—stronger through faith and desire, through knowledge and virtue, through self-control and devotion to truth and justice. God is a Spirit, and they whose character is built on the principles which faith and hope make certain, which best reason approves, are the powers by which His reign is established and made perpetual. His servants conquer, not with the sword, not with money nor with the things money can buy, but by the soul, which enrooted in Him, contemplates all things in the light of Eternity, and is calm and unmoved, while the pomp and pageantry pass by, to sink forever beyond the reach of all-penetrative thought. Men, like children, are attracted by a world of shows; they are busy with vanities, and attach importance to trifles. But from the central heart of religion the divine voice declares that only the things which minister to the soul's welfare have worth; that there is no genuine life but that which unfolds itself heavenward, and, like the tendril for the solid stem, reaches after God. Had we temples built of gold and adorned with every kind of precious stone; though the music of the masters, uttered by masters, appealed to us; though from canvas and stone and high-raised pulpit genius spoke to us, it were all but show and sound if it did not lift the soul nearer to our Father in heaven. God's men are spiritual men, and the only religious progress is progress in faith and love, in wisdom and virtue.

What we commemorate today, we of the Diocese of Peoria, bishops and priests, brothers and sisters, and the people whose servants we all are, what this company of distinguished men have come from many Sees to help us to celebrate worthily, is our labors for the moralization of human life, is our devotion to the things that make for righteousness and peace and life everlasting.

If we have built churches, it is that the people may gather there, and through worship and the reception of the sacraments and the hearing of the Word, may be refreshed, nourished and renewed in their innermost being. If we have established schools, it is that the little ones, whom the Blessed Savior loved, who are our joy and our hope, may grow up in an atmosphere in which learning blends with piety, knowledge with faith, true thought with chaste life, love with obedience. If we have founded homes for those whom loss or sin or age or poverty has made helpless or miserable, it is because we know they are our brothers and sisters, and that we do best for Our Heavenly Father and for ourselves in serving them.

This is what we cherish most and most love. If Peoria and the Diocese of Peoria are dear to us—and God and we all know they are—it is so not chiefly for the beautiful site, the healthful climate, the fertile soil from which the corn bursts like song from happy hearts; it is so, above all, for the spirit of freedom, of good will, of helpfulness which breathes here as unhindered as the gentle wind that kisses the prairie into life and bloom; they are dear for the opportunity which is given here to all alike to upbuild character, to confirm will, to cultivate the mind, to follow after the better things of which faith and hope are the heralds.

If today for a moment, even in thought, I may separate myself from any one of those who, during the twenty-five years that have now become a part of the unchangeable past, have gathered about me in still increasing numbers, and with hearts ever more willing, I will say that the affection I bear them, the joy they give me, which like the ripening fruit and the mellowing wine, grow more precious as time lengthens, are born, not so much of the success with which they have accomplished whatever they have been asked to do, as of their

spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, of their courage and ability, their magnanimity and singleheartedness, their never-slumbering watchfulness over the good name of the diocese and that of its priesthood. When the office of bishop was offered to me, if I hesitated to accept the burden and the honor, it was largely, if my memory deceive me not, from a dread lest my opinion of man's high estate, as revealed in the lives of priests and nuns, should be lowered by the more intimate knowledge of them which necessarily comes to those who are placed in authority over them. A personal experience of twenty-five years is a broad basis for the judgment of an individual, and it is a source of inner strength and freedom to me to be able to feel and say, in perfect sincerity, that though priests and nuns be not exempt from the infirmities which inhere in all that is human, I have found them to be the kindest, the most unselfish, the most loyal, the most pure-minded and the most devoted of men and women. Never have I appealed to them in vain, when I have appealed to the god-like in man. They have confirmed my faith in human nature, and in the worth and sacredness of life.

They have made me more certain that we are all the children of an Almighty and all-loving Father from out whose thought and care we can never die.

Let me conclude, in my own name, and in that of the whole diocese, with the expression of sincere thanks to his eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, to the most reverend archbishops and bishops, and to the reverend clergymen who have done us the honor to be our guests to-day and to heighten by their presence and sympathy the significance and the joy of this occasion.

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### **Resolutions Adopted by the City Council.**

*Whereas*, The supreme authorities of his Church twenty-five years ago recognized the sterling worth of Reverend John Lancaster Spalding, as a citizen and churchman, and elevated him to the exalted position of bishop of the Diocese of Peoria, and

*Whereas*, The entire membership of his Church throughout the world joins today in congratulating him upon a more than successful career as Bishop of Peoria;

*Therefore Be It Resolved*, That we join in this most proper expression of love and congratulation. For twenty-five years Bishop Spalding has been a worthy citizen of our community, leading in every movement for the material as well as the spiritual advancement and uplifting of our citizens. His eloquent words and ennobling example in behalf of education and temperance, in behalf of the poor and lowly and those suffering from wrongs and oppressions, have planted in our religious opinions a love and veneration for him that can find but feeble expression in mere words.

*Be It Further Resolved*, That we congratulate the Right Reverend John Lancaster Spalding on this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the dignified position he holds, and join the civilized world in praying for his continued good health, and for those fuller and greater honors which his life and genius bespeak for him.

ALDERMEN.

Thos. N. Gorman,	Chas. N. Louis,
George Harms,	G. F. Simmons,
J. E. Stillwell,	Thos. O'Connor,
Stephen Wolschlag,	E. N. Woodruff,
J. J. McDonald,	Charles Proctor,
A. B. Tolson,	David S. Long,
W. F. Benson,	J. J. Jobst,
J. D. Carey,	W. R. Allison,

WILLIAM F. BRYAN, Mayor.

ROBT. M. ORR, City Clerk.

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Among the distinguished visitors were His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore; Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque; Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis; Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco; Bishops Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, N. Y.; McQuaid, of Rochester, N. Y.; Byrne, of Nashville, Tenn.; Foley, of Detroit, Mich.; Messmer, of Green Bay, Wis.; Shanley, of Fargo, S. D.; Cotter of

Winona, Minn.; Scannell, of Omaha, Neb.; Burke of St. Joseph, Mo.; Dunne, of Dallas, Tex.; Cosgrove, of Davenport, Ia.; Glennon, of Kansas City, Mo.; Muldoon, of Chicago; Ryan, of Alton; Janssen, of Belleville; Moeller, of Columbus; Conaty, of Washington, D. C.; Rt. Rev. Innocent Wolf, abbot of St. Benedict's abbey, Atchison, Kans.; Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris, of St. Viateur's College, Kankakee, Ill.; Rt. Rev. Monsignor J. B. Murray, president of St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio; Very Rev. J. Z. Zahm, provincial of the Order of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind.; Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, president of St. Viateur's College, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. Joseph H. McMahon and Rev. M. A. Cunnion, of New York city; Rev. Father P. Gavin, chancellor of the archdiocese of Baltimore, who accompanied Cardinal Gibbons.

Besides these visiting dignitaries there were present some three hundred priests from this and the surrounding states.

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### **The Evening Service.**

The evening service was beautiful. The great Cathedral, magnificently decorated and brilliant with the glow of hundreds of lights, presented a gorgeous appearance as the bishops and priests entered for the service. At the close of the service and the musical program, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, delivered the sermon. His subject was "The Christian Priesthood," and his sermon was as follows:

"He said therefore to them again: Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you."—John xx., 21.

The mystery of mysteries in dealings of the infinite with the finite, the mystery of love and power ineffable, is the incarnation of the eternal Word. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. \* \* \* And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and we saw the glory, the glory as it were of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

The infinite—the first cause, the all-pervading mind, the all-vivifying will, alone gives life and light to all that is finite,

and alone is its ultimate term. From God and to God—behold man's sublime origin and man's sublime destiny.

Man is necessarily a seeker of God, a religious being. In the long history of the race there is discernible always a religion, a reaching out under one form or another toward the supernatural. Man is restless until he lies upon the bosom of the Infinite.

But the despair of man's upward journey! God, so much needed by him, is yet distant from him! And God is all spiritual, while in man the spiritual is so clogged, so dulled by sense, that what has not bodily shape is but dimly descried, and but feebly laid hold of. Hence in his reaching out toward God, pure and beauteous as was ever in itself this motion of mind and heart, numberless were the devious ways which poor man mistook for the straight road, numberless were the deceiving and fateful glares which shone to him as truth and goodness. What then? Shall God be always inaudible to humanity's ear, always invisible to humanity's eye? The appeal was to God's eternal love; and from God's eternal love the answer came: "Then, said I, behold I come." Omnipotence was tasked that the infinite put on the form of the finite, that God be made a child of humanity. "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we saw the glory as it were of the only-begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth." Humanity through its bodily senses saw and heard its God, and through these senses its spirit was flooded with His truth and His love.

The Incarnation, so to speak, made the supernatural; it concreted in human form the invisible and inaudible; it brought God under the very eyes and near to the very ears of men. The distance between the infinite and the finite vanished; religion, the exaltation of man to the embrace of the Most High, became so easy, so sweet, that no peril lay in its pathway, no effort was felt in its flight.

And, now, I speak another mystery—the extension and perpetuation of that of the Incarnation, lesser only than that of the Incarnation itself in power and love.

The day came when Jesus, returning to the Father, withdrew from visible nearness to men His divine personality and

the sensible concretion of the supernatural wrought in the Incarnation. Is the vast chasm opened again between God and man? Is man in his searching for God turned again back upon himself, alone and unaided, doomed again to grope his way amid the dim regions of the purely spiritual world? Not so; the great gifts of God to humanity are without recall, and the Incarnation but puts on another form.

Do I overstate the divine dispensation? Remember, I pray you, the omnipotence embodied in Jesus, and hearken to His institutional words.

He was speaking not to the body of His disciples, but to the chosen few, the Apostles. To these, not to others, He said: "Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." The self-same mission intrusted to Him, when first in the eternal counseling of the Triune Majesty He exclaimed: "Behold, I come," is now intrusted by Him to His Apostles. The mission is the self-same. "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." And, again: "All power is given to Me in Heaven and on earth; going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost \* \* \* and, behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." To substitute for Christ mere men is what omnipotence alone could do; therefore it is that in this instance He invokes His omnipotence. "All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth"—and so in virtue of His omnipotence He is with them while they teach and baptize, and so, when they teach and baptize, they teach and baptize in His name and with His power, even as if He Himself taught and baptized. And furthermore: "He that receiveth you receiveth Me; he that despiseth you despiseth Me." So thorough and complete, in the mind of Christ, is the identification of His mission with that of His Apostles! Specific delegations of divine power appertaining to His mission were made by Christ on given occasions to the Apostles; that of remitting sin, when He said: "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained;" that of renewing the mystic wonders of the Last Supper, when He said: "Do this in commemoration of Me." That the several delegations, whether general or

specific, were to be enduring in their effect, and, consequently, were made to the Apostles, not merely to them as individuals, but to them as a corporate body, to them, and to their successors in office, is evidenced from the words: "And, behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world," as, also, from the Apostles' own action, in associating with themselves from time to time others of the disciples and communicating to those their own powers and authority. Christ came for the salvation of men in all ages. When He withdrew from earth His visible presence the Apostles took His place; the Apostles, therefore, as the representatives of Christ, were to subsist in all ages.

And thus, through Christ's love and power, the Christian priesthood was created, Christ's tabernacling upon earth was made to endure, the visible incarnation of the infinite was continued among men. Rising toward His ethereal home Elias cast down his mantle upon the shoulders of Eliseus, and in the person of Eliseus, Elias still lived upon earth. In like manner, but with efficacy far greater and far more lasting, Christ cast His mantle upon the shoulders of His Priests, and in the persons of His Priests, He still walks among men.

The Catholic Church is vitally sacerdotal. It sees in its ministers a body of men separate in character and endowment from their fellows, bearing a divine commission, charged with supernatural powers that are derived directly and immediately from Christ. In this it gives evidence of its affiliation with Christ. Its sacerdotalism, which enemies would fain turn into a reproach, is the proud inheritance of the Catholic Church, because it is the Church of Christ. To disown sacerdotalism were to disown divine origin. Christ plainly set the Apostles apart from others. Christ plainly spoke to them words not spoken to others, words pregnant with supernatural power and authority. A church that is of Christ must of necessity present to the world a divinely endowed priesthood.

Let churches that date from recent years, that never touched the hand of the God-man, that never thrilled at the sound of His voice, disown, as they may, sacerdotalism; they are from men, and naught save what men can give them do they possess. Not so the church of nineteen centuries, whose





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first ministers were Peter, and John, and James, which stood at Christ's side on the Galilean mountain and hearkened to the words: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations." The current of supernal power, flowing from those sublime words, vibrates henceforth over the world to sanctify and deify the souls of men.

"But thou, O man of God," wrote Paul to the priest Timothy. The priest of the Church of Christ is "the man of God," the token to the world that God lives and reigns, the representative before it of the supernatural and the divine. What Christ was by nature, the priest is by the appointment of Christ; and thus he has, as Christ had, the mission to concrete in a manner before men the invisible, that the invisible be not forgotten by men. A priest is seen; it is a reminder of the supernatural. A priest is seen; a testimony is given to the higher life, to things better and purer than earth owns. A priest is seen; God is seen in visible symbolism. In this realm of matter and of sense, where earth so fiercely drags down the soul, where clouds so dense hide from it the vision of things supernatural, how precious is this symbol of the divine! How precious the priesthood of Christ's Church, ever living among us, walking with us low upon the ground, while still pointing upward, so that we cannot but see it, and seeing it, cannot but remember our exalted destinies.

"For Christ we are ambassadors," said Paul of himself and his fellow-priests. Another Christ, "alter Christus," by this name were the rectors of the Church wont to call the priest. The priest personifies Christ; he puts Christ under our eyes; he compels us to see Him, to think of Him. And this is to us a supreme blessing. Were Christ to remain a mere historic personage, cut off by nineteen centuries, how easy to forget Him! But with a body of men reaching back, in uninterrupted continuity, to Christ himself, ever present among us, wearing His robes of office, holding aloft His standard, Christ is never out of sight, Christ does not fall back among the dead. If the priesthood were nothing else than the unceasing reminder that Christ was, that Christ taught men, loved them and died for them, it were to earth a boon inestimable. How senseless the clamor—away with all priesthood;

let each one go directly to Christ, directly to God! Christ removed by nineteen centuries, God driven back into the dim regions of the abstract, both Christ and God would be little thought of. Why, we ask, was there a Christ? Why was not humanity left to seek God without even Christ as an intermediary? Is it not that humanity needed the visible and the sensible in order to apprehend the more readily the invisible and the spiritual? And as Christ was needed to bring near unto men God, so the priest is now needed to bring near unto them Christ.

"Let a man so account of us," writes Paul, "as of the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." "But thou, O man of God"—thou are not only the chosen symbol of the divine and the supernatural, not only the official representative of Christ the teacher and the Saviour—thou art, even as Christ was, the minister of heaven's gifts, the bearer and distributor of divine treasures.

The priest teaches the doctrines of Christ—the eternal counsels of the divine mind, revealed to men through Christ. He teaches those doctrines officially, in the name of Christ, and by authority from Christ. And, so far as he teaches those doctrines in union with the general apostolate and its supreme head, he teaches them under Christ's own direction, and delivers them pure and undefiled to his hearers. The commission is most formal, the promise most explicit: "All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth; going, therefore, teach ye all nations \* \* \* teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold, I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world." How different the priest of Christ's Church from the spokesmen of churches made by men, or the self-authorized philosopher, whose voice is only human, whose words bring but their own weight into the scales of judgment!

The priest of Christ's Church pours upon souls the blood of Calvary, redeeming them from the slavery of sin, cleansing them from its stain, beautifying them into God's own image. So plenary is the priest's agency, held immediately from Christ, that through the words spoken by him in the name of Christ, there goes out in unstinted force the omnipotence of

Christ. "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost"—the priest baptizes; a soul is born again "of water and the Holy Ghost," made radiant of the smile of God's countenance. "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven"—the priest repeats the sentence of forgiveness over the penitent sinner; the prodigal child is pressed again upon the Father's bosom.

The priest of Christ's Church renews the mysteries of the Last Supper and of Calvary. "Do this in commemoration of Me," said Jesus to the Apostles when He had changed bread into His body, and wine into His blood, anticipating in mystic form the bloody drama of the morrow, when He had fed unto them His own self as the nutriment of their souls. "Do this," and as over the elements of bread and wine the priests speaks the words of Christ, "This is My body," "This is My blood," Christ is offered anew in sacrifice; and as the priest distributes to the faithful the food spread upon the altar, the body and the blood of the Crucified, the faithful absorb into their souls their Saviour, their God.

Lest you think, brethren, I wander into dreams, recall, I again beseech you, Christ's institutional words and Christ's omnipotence.

But what, you ask, does all this mean? What can have been the design of the Incarnate in awarding to children of men the power of God? What reason is there for such prodigality of supreme gifts?

Brethren, all that is done for the priesthood and by the priesthood is done through God's love for souls. The priesthood is not an end to itself; its end is your deification. The priest is not endowed supernally for his own honor and glory; he is but the minister of God's mercies to you, he is your server unto your spiritual aggrandizement. God so loved you that He destined you to supernatural life and felicity; to merit for you graces that lift to such heights, the "Word" was made flesh, suffered and died; and now, in the distribution of those graces, as the instrument must be proportioned to the fruits it is to produce, the priesthood, Christ's instrument for the regeneration and sanctification of souls by the application to

them of His very blood, is invested with supernal dignity, and vibrates with supernal life and energy.

In presence of the priesthood of Christ's Church we bow in wonder and gratitude; we admire the mysteries of God's dealings with souls; we accept the priesthood as the sequence of the Incarnation, and the Incarnation as the sequence of God's love for men.

Priests of Christ's Church, dreadful—it is not?—the responsibility made to weigh upon us by the divine element in the priesthood. The priesthood is divine, and we are human; and to us, in co-operation with the grace given to us in our ordination, it is left to put the human in harmony with the divine, so that one be worthy of the other, so that one work fitly with the other.

In Christ the divine and the human were clasped together by the one divine personality; the harmony of the one with the other, as the necessary result of the hypostatic union, was perfect. Not so in us; through us, indeed, there courses the current of divine life and power; but in us, in nature and in person, the human retains full independent control; and, as our will decrees, either adapts itself to the divine or sets itself in opposition to it.

Understand me well, brethren. It makes no vital difference to those who receive the ministrations of a priest, whether in him the human is, or is not, attuned to the divine; whether, indeed, he is a saint or a sinner. The essential efficacy of the ministrations of the priest depends upon the divine within him, not upon the human; upon the powers communicated to him at the moment of his aggregation to the priestly body in Christ's Church, not upon his manner of life, or his co-operation with the favors that were then showered upon him. Christ, in instituting the priesthood, held in view the souls that were to be saved, and for their sake He willed that the ministerial power of the priest be effective of its own virtue, whatever be the personal moral status of the priest himself.

Yes, there is the human in the priesthood; and, alas! here and there it shows itself in unmistakable colors. Is there here an argument against the divine in the priesthood? None whatsoever. The faithful Christian will always deeply regret that

one bearing the name of priest should, Judas-like, betray the Master and dishonor his sacred vocation. He will pray fervently that all priests be what the Holy Church exhorts them to be, and, so far as he is allowed, he will do earnestly his part to build up an ideal priesthood. But if faults are discernible, and even scandals do occur, he is not moved in his faith; he wonders the more that God is so merciful to souls as to make of the sons of men His ministers and agents, that souls be reached by His graces in readier and more efficient manner; and turning quickly from isolated cases, which the Almighty, in order to make manifest the play of free will, allows to stand in the holy of holies, he fixes steadily his regard upon God's priesthood, as it lights up the moral world in all Christian ages, under all skies. Brethren, look out upon God's priesthood. It sparkles with the rays of heaven in its myriad virtues. Is it not pure and holy? Does it not impel upward the lowly human unto heights sublime? Is not the divine within it translucent even through its human vesture? No; the priesthood of the Church does not in its human manifestations deny a divine origin, or a divine mission.

What the individual priest should be, to be worthy of his priesthood, to what degree he should make the human in him conform with the divine, is easily told.

The priest should be holy; no moral stain should rest upon him; the spirit of Christ should vivify his thoughts and acts; every virtue should accompany his daily steps.

"But thou, O man of God, fly these things (the things of earth); and pursue justice, godliness, faith, charity, patience, mildness."

The priest is the symbol of the supernatural. The purity of the skies must adorn his countenance; the loftiness of the skies must permeate his mind; the love of the eternal must be his source of life and action.

The priest is the representative, the ambassador of Christ: "For Christ we are ambassadors, God as it were exhorting by us." Therefore let Christ be so seen in the priest that to those whom he would bring to Christ he can say with Paul: "Be imitators of me, as I also am of Christ." The first apprehension that is had of Christ, as His figure projects itself across

the ages of humanity, is that of the all-holy: "Holy, innocent, undefiled, separate from sinners, made higher than the heavens." O Christ, to be Thy ambassadors, to speak for Thee, to show Thee to men—what a challenge to sacerdotal sanctity!

The priest is the treasurer, the distributor of the merits of Christ, the graces of regeneration and holiness. Shall he hold in hand those graces, and not be himself enriched by them? Shall he deal out to others the life of the angel, and refuse it to himself? This the malediction of the prophet; "Thou shalt sow, but shalt not reap; thou shalt tread the olives, but shalt not be anointed with the oil: and the new grape, but shalt not drink the wine."

The priest is the teacher of men; his mission is to draw men to Christ, to plant in their minds the faith of Christ. But will teaching be efficacious, unless it be spoken with boundless sincerity, and that sincerity be translucent in the whole life of the speaker? Will the power of Christ to sanctify souls be admitted, if it has not plainly sanctified the soul of him who is its chosen mouthpiece? Mere teaching, even though upheld by strongest argument, is sterile, unless it carries with it the magnetic fire that burns into the soul of the hearer; such fire this is as issues from the soul of the teacher, whose blazing flames are the examples given by the teacher. Mere teaching, however noble and pure in itself, is vague and abstract until it takes visible form in facts. The eternal law did not impress the world until it lived in Christ; Christ's historic law will not impress the humanity of to-day until it lives in the priest of to-day. Miracles are quoted as the groundwork of priestly teaching; but miracles of nineteen hundred years ago are too remote, unless they revive in a miracle of the present time. Let this be the moral miracle, a man built up upon the model of Christ—a preacher of Christ who acts out in daily life the teachings of Christ.

To sanctity in the priest there must be superadded knowledge. "The lips of the priest," says the prophet, "shall keep knowledge; and they shall seek the law at his mouth, because he is the angel of the Lord of Hosts."

The mission of the priest is to plant divine faith in the souls

of men. This is done by an appeal to intellect, by a victory over intellect. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ." God's grace is, indeed, at work, aiding the preacher to speak and the hearer to believe; but God's grace presupposes the play of intellect both in preacher and in hearer.

The priest steps into the intellectual arena of the world, saying: I bear a message from Christ. Dare not attempt to speak, unless you know well what the message is that Christ has confided to you. Ignorance of it is an injury to Christ, an insult to the listener. Know well what the message is, know it in its entirety, know it in all its power and beauty. And be ready, when the right of Christ to send a message, or your right to be his spokesman, is disputed, to unfold the roll of Christ's gospel, and with logic resistless, and language that enforces respect, to extol Christ, the prophet, the Lord, the Savior, and His Church, the mistress and queen of the ages—so that it indeed may be said: verily, what we hear is from God.

Vast is the field of knowledge with which the priest ought to be familiar; for few are the departments of thought across the borders of which Christian faith in its dogmas or its precepts does not pass. History and philosophy, science and sociology, draw light for their own teachings from revealed truth, and assist in explaining and illustrating the teachings of faith. Art is wrought by religion into its highest forms, and in turn lends its splendors to bring within reach of the eye and ear the beauties of religious aspirations; and literature it is that provides the fitting garb by which religion's truths and hopes may be served out to men. With all such matters the priest should have long tarried, learning well to rein them into the service of the Most High.

Knowledge in the priest exalts the priest's soul; it enriches his mind with lofty ideals, mellows his heart to love and sacrifice, and bears him onward to sacred ambitions, whence spring great designs and the heroic courage to pursue them. Knowledge in the priest wins for him the esteem and respect of the world, silences distrust and cavil, and of its own fame adds untold strength to his religious teaching.

The world reveres intellectual power; and strong, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, is the priesthood that possesses it.

To sanctity and knowledge in the priest I would lend the wings of holy zeal, that upon them they fly over plain and mountain, over sea and continent, in search of souls to enlighten them with the faith of Christ, and warm them with the love of Christ. "I am come," said Jesus, "to cast fire on the earth; and what will I but that it be kindled?" And how Jesus labored and suffered that this fire be kindled in souls! And so must the priest labor and suffer, if he is a lover of Jesus, a lover of souls. Earnestness is the condition of victory on all fields of human effort; sloth and routine everywhere mean shame and defeat. But if ever there were work, noble and sublime, challenging all the ambitions, all the energies of the soul, that work surely is the spreading of Christ's faith, the exaltation of Holy Church, the salvation of souls. If ever, then, there be the workman hating sloth and routine, and earnest in his vocation, be he the priest.

The priest of God—the human and the divine—the human responding to the harmonies of the divine, and the divine uniting with the human—what power to do and conquer!

"And behold I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world." God is ever faithful to His promise. Priests, shall we do our share?

Building up the priesthood—endowing it with sanctity, knowledge and zeal—is of all works of religion and charity the highest and the best, the most fruitful in results, the most meritorious before God. I must tell briefly the faithful laity of the part they may have in it.

Brethren of the laity, to you is given the privilege to dedicate your sons to the service of the sanctuary. The priesthood is recruited from the youth of the land; the best, the fairest of them are invited to be God's ministers, the ambassadors of Christ, the savior of souls. Could there be opened to them a more sublime calling? Could there be offered to them a holier, a nobler opportunity to accomplish great things for God and for humanity, to put to profit the talents they have received from nature and grace, to win glorious and enduring





HOME OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

victories? Catholic youths, why not be ambitious for the honor of buckling upon your breast the armor of Christ, grasping in your hands the sword of His truth, to conquer with Christ and for Christ? Catholic fathers and mothers, why not rejoice in the holy thought of seeing one day the child of your love offering at the altar the sacrifice of Calvary, and distributing to you the graces of the redemption? Shall I speak a complaint of Catholic fathers and mothers in America? It is this: that they do not, as much as they should, nurture in the souls of their children a vocation to the priesthood, and especially is this true of Catholics whose worldly careers have led them to wealth and social prominence. What is the cause? Is it weakness of faith in the supernatural, on the part of the laity, or is it the mere fact that the leaders in the church have not been sufficiently careful to direct attention to this most important matter? Whatever the cause, the truth is that until vocations are more numerous in America than they heretofore have been, religion will not prosper in the country as we should wish it to prosper.

Brethren of the laity, to you is given the privilege to help, with your temporal wealth, the bishops of the Church to give to candidates for the priesthood the thorough training which their high vocation makes necessary. We have in America ecclesiastical seminaries; but they are neither in sufficient number, nor are they sufficiently endowed, to furnish to the American Church the priesthood which it needs. We have a Catholic University, one of the prime purposes of which is to open to levites of superior talents opportunities of attaining to high scholarship, so that here and there be at least a few fit to be special leaders in the great movements to which the Church is committed, fit to be, as it were, princes of thought and action; but this university controls scarcely two million dollars, where thirty or more millions should be at its disposal. Why this? It is not that all our American Catholics are poor. It is not that they are without examples of liberal giving among their fellow-citizens, as a hundred instances of rich donations to other institutions and other causes bear continuous witness. Nor is it, can I believe, that Catholics are insensible to high ideals, or devoid of generous heart-beatings. It must be that

enough is not said and done to instruct them in their duty in this respect, and to quicken them to a realization of the great need of religion—a learned and well trained priesthood.

Brethren of the priesthood, brethren of the laity, the twentieth century dawns upon the world. Never in history was there another age to challenge such intelligent and zealous work in the cause of religion as does the present. For us, the twentieth century dawns in America; nowhere else, in no other country, are the aspirations and the hopes of the age so high born, so promising, as in America.

Nature is wrought up to highest intensity. Earth has yielded its most hidden secrets, and put its wealth with unstinted liberality at the service of men. Science has unraveled deepest mysteries and enriched humanity with forces heretofore undreamed. The human mind was never so ambitious, the human heart never so quickened and so hopeful. In all departments of life stupendous triumphs have been obtained, and the future is pregnant with triumphs yet more astounding. Is not the age worthy of the best effort of the army of the supernatural? The age, once conquered to Christ, will harness to his chariot its forces, and dedicate to His service its powerful ambitions—and then, as never before, will Christ reign, the Supreme Master of humanity's highest evolutions.

We cannot but love the age for its conquests and its aspirations, and should we not, for its sake, work to our utmost to bring to it that which alone will satisfy all its longings, that which will fitly crown all its labors—the flood of supernal life from God's own skies, and, in this manner, make it the truly beloved, not of men only, but of God also, and His angels!

A superficial observer will say that the age is hardened to appeals from the supernatural, that efforts to lift it above matter must needs be vain, and indolence and cowardice on our part will take pretext from such language to withdraw in despair within our tents and leave the field to unbelief and moral misery. They who speak or act in this manner misjudge and calumniate the age. The age is, indeed, often wrong, for it is not wisely directed. But sound it to the very core. Study it in the essential elements of its ebullitions of life—and you must confess that it loves truth and loves good-

ness, covets the glory of doing great and noble things. Let the religion of Christ be made known to it, in all its power and loveliness, and the age will bow before it and will recognize in it that which it needs, and which it has been seeking, even in its wanderings and its mistakes.

What is it, then, that is needed to bring the twentieth century into the arms of Christ? What is it that is needed? A faithful priesthood and a faithful laity.

Do I call for a new priesthood? By no means. I call for the old priesthood—the priesthood of the first Apostles, who, going forth from the Master's presence, won quickly into allegiance to Him legions of disciples throughout the Roman Empire and carried His cross far beyond frontiers which Roman eagles had never passed over—the priesthood of Remi, Patrick, Augustine, Boniface, who built up, so strong and enduring, the foundations of modern Christendom and modern civilization—the priesthood of Ferrer, Xavier, de Paul and De Sales, whose fiery zeal renewed the faith and the charity of whole provinces and nations. If, as this priesthood, saintly, learned and earnest, appears to us as new—new in its ardor, new in its methods of work, new in its courage, it is because we have in our times fallen below the true type of the priesthood, and forgotten the best traditions of our fathers; it is because our present priesthood no longer possesses the noble attributes with which Christ willed the priesthood of all ages to be ceaselessly endowed. O Christ, we pray Thee, enrich us with the old priesthood, the priesthood of the saints.

Faithful laity, do your part, not only in building up the priesthood, through which Christ's graces flow directly upon souls, but also in contributing by your own manner of living to the work of the priesthood. You, too, can present to the world moral miracles—miracles of Christian virtue. You, too, can preach the gospel of Christ, by word even, but especially by giving practical demonstration of the power of the gospel to regenerate and sanctify men.

You can easily divine why I chose as the subject of my discourse the priesthood of Christ's Church. It is that the festivities amid which we are rejoicing put vividly before us the priesthood, such as we wish to see it in America, in the twentieth century.

Right Reverend Bishop Spalding, I speak not to praise or flatter you; praise or flattery you would not allow. I speak for the honor of our common priesthood, for the edification of the children of the Church.

I am entitled to speak. Over many years our friendship has been extended. It has been such that I know you well—as few others could have known you. Often we have met in converse; often soul was poured into soul, and heart revealed to heart. Your manner of life, your priestly and episcopal works have been constantly before my eyes. To-night I speak aloud what have been always the conviction of my mind—you have been the true priest, the true bishop.

Twenty-five years in the episcopate, twelve or more years previously spent in the priesthood—without stain or blemish—this, my brethren, is what we praise to-day; this is what we are proud to extol. Your bishop's priesthood is a saintly priesthood. It is pre-eminently, too, a learned priesthood. In an unusual degree has knowledge adorned his brow; in an unusual degree he has been willing and able to defend God's Church with eloquent tongue and polished pen. The whole priestly body in America are grateful to Bishop Spalding for the intellectual glory which his talents and his assiduity in making them bear fruit have cast upon it. And has not his priesthood been marked by exemplary zeal? The first bishop of the diocese of Peoria, he offers it to-day to the Church of America a model diocese, a diocese rich in institutions of learning and of charity, rich in the virtues of its clergy, rich in the treasures of faith and of devotion that characterize its laity. And far beyond the limits of his own diocese, throughout the whole land, wherever work was to be done for God or for humanity, Bishop Spalding has gone forth with powerful word and act to serve the cause of truth and virtue. The whole Church of America owes to Bishop Spalding a singular debt of gratitude; and to pay this debt bishops and priests have congregated to-day in Peoria from all parts, even the most remote, of the continent.

And who, as much as the bishop of Peoria, has worked to endow America with a worthy priesthood? The Catholic University is the pride, as it is the hope, of the American Church.

And the Catholic University was born of his intelligent understanding of the needs of the times and his zeal in meeting those needs. He is the founder of the university, and since its beginnings he has been its vigilant guardian and its sturdy defender. As it grows in strength and usefulness, so will the glory of the name of Bishop Spalding and the debt of gratitude which America owes to him.

Bishop Spalding, *ad multos annos*. The silver jubilee of your episcopate finds you in the prime of manhood, rich in physical health, rich in the freshness of matured thought and zeal. Many coming years be with us; for many coming years labor for us. The jubilee celebration is the morning of a new career, more illustrious and more fruitful than that which closes. We are sure you will respond diligently and energetically to the opportunities that open before you. Hence I rejoice this evening; hence the priests and the laity of the diocese of Peoria rejoice with me; hence priests and Catholic people of all America rejoice with us and pray to heaven with us—*ad multos annos*.











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